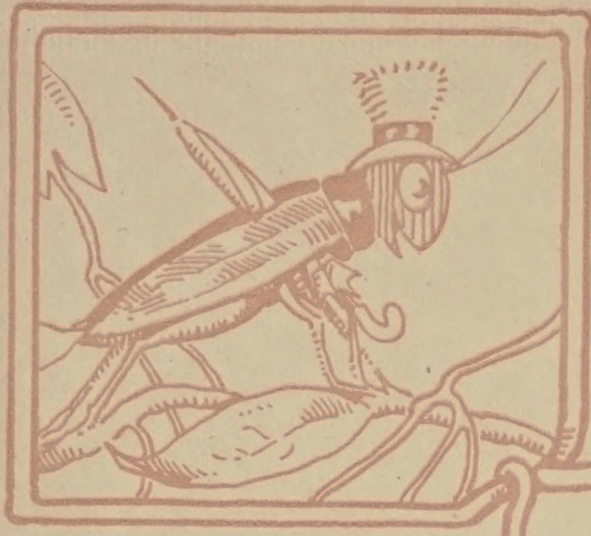


The Cheer Chirpers



JOSHUA F. CROWELL



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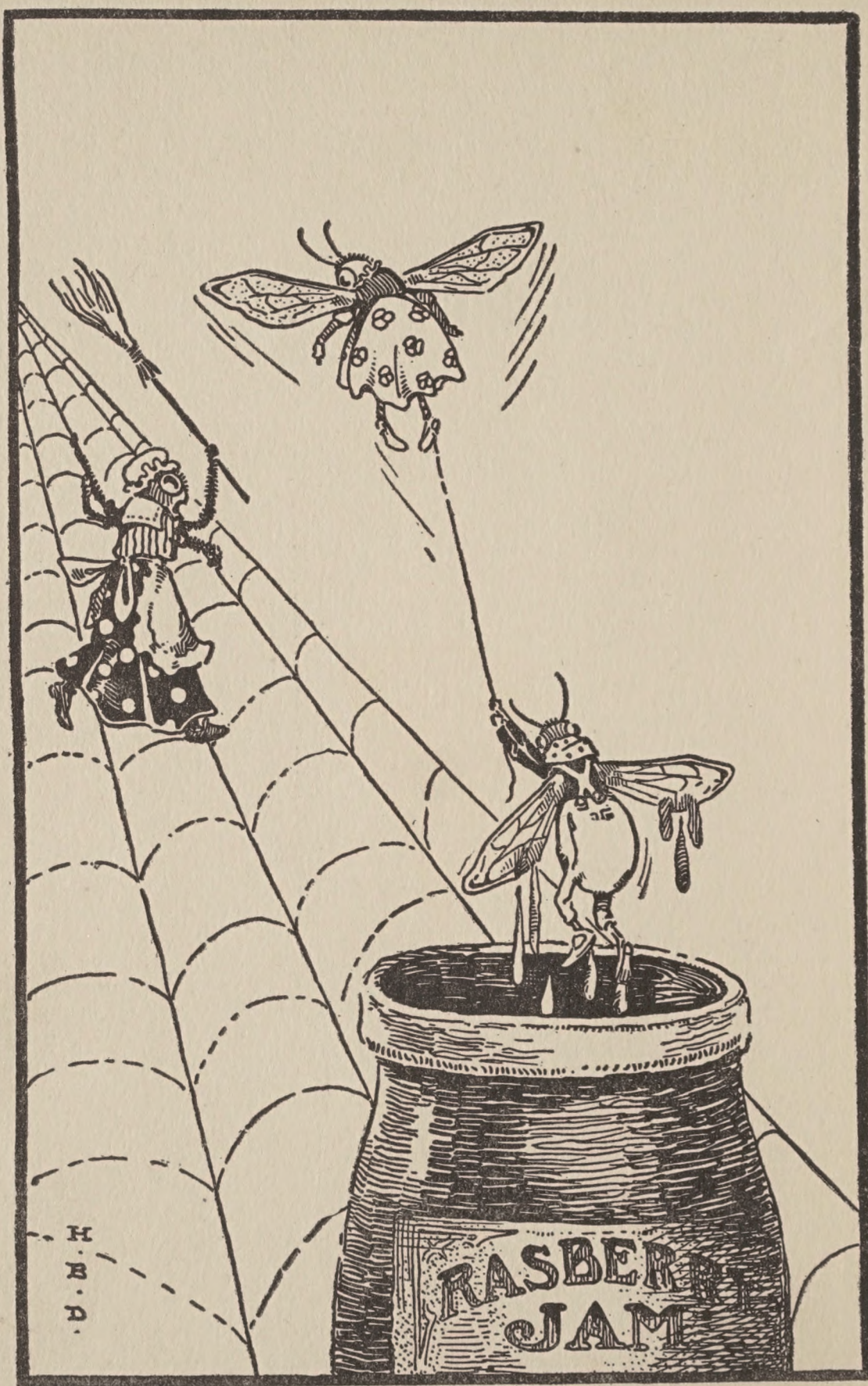
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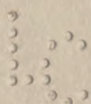
THE CHEER CHIRPERS



Philli was all under but 17,000 eyes and one foot. With his 17,000 eyes, he saw rope, and with his one foot he clutched it—and Philli was saved.

THE CHEER CHIRPERS

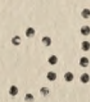
BY
JOSHUA F. CROWELL



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TO MY WIFE

FELLOW TRAVELLER THRO THE WILDING WONDERLAND

When nights are long and days are drear,

Cheer! Cheer! Cheer up! Good cheer!

When hearts are sad, or filled with fear,

Cheer! Cheer! Cheer up! Good cheer!

For each beginning, well begun —

Cheer!

For every task that's better done —

Cheer!

For merry play, or healthful fun —

Cheer, cheer, cheer!!

For every thing, and every one —

Cheer!

CHEER!!

CHEER!!!

Some of the chapters in this book have already appeared in The Youth's Companion, and The Childrens' Magazine and are reprinted here by courtesy of the editors of those publications.

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THE CHEER CHIRPERS

Oh, listen here, and hear the Year's Good Cheer



CHIRPTER I

“**C**CHEER UP! CHEER UP!” cried Kizzy Cricket, as, with mother and brother, she ran to the thicket.

“I can’t cheer, either up or down,” sighed Mother Ketura.

*“’Tis the twentieth time, in the middle of night,
We have had to leave home, in a state of great fright;
For the Whizzy Buzz monster, a-blaze with light,
It comes—puff!—It’s gone! I don’t like it a mite!*

“Here is Baby Ki, all ready to cry, and Dicky tumbled and thumped his thigh, and ran I so fast, I am almost dizzy.”

“Oh! mother, cheer up! cheer up!” cried Kizzy.

“Cheer up!” said Dick.

“Chee-yup!” echoed Baby Ki.

“My dears, I don’t feel like cheering; *down*, I never learned, and up, I couldn’t now, for I feel so sorry to leave my old home. My grandfather Selick Cricket built the nice grass villa we have just left, many years ago, in what was then the finest part of Road Town, between Wheel-rut Lane, and Horse-path Street. I lived there as a child, and loved to see the gentle horses and teams go over my head, as all cosy I lay, tucked up in bed. Now — how times have changed! The horses are gone, and instead, it is all Whizzy Buzz, so loud and so proud, so red and so dread!

*I live in a state of perpetual worry,
For any minute, in a fuss and a flurry,
I may have to move from my home in a hurry.”*

“Mother,” said Kizzy, “we are safe now, no Whizzy Buzz could get thro this thicket; let us live here, and mother — cheer up — do cheer!”

“My dear, I will cheer now,” said Mother Ketura. “Children, this is your new home; as we have only ourselves to move, we are already moved, so you can all go to bed.

Kizzy — you shall take the Bergamont bed; and Dick — this Beggar-tick tick; and I will put Ki into this Chickweed Crib.”

“Mother,” said Kizzy, “before we go to sleep, may we sing ‘Cheer up’?”

“Yes!”

Then the three little ones sang: —

*“Cheer up!
If wet or dry;
If cloudy sky,
Cry, Crickets, cry —
Cheer up!
In night or day,
In work or play,
Say, Crickets, say,
Cheer up!!
For fall or spring,
For everything!
Sing, Crickets, sing!
Cheer up!!!”*

Just one minute after the song was ended, Sleep came for the three little ones. Mother Ketura tucked Dick into his Beggar-tick tick, and then went to sleep with one eye on Kuldi Ki.

CHIRPTE II

*Crunch-munch-crunch-munch!**Smash-crash!*

“Skip, children, for your lives! Don’t stop for anything! Follow me! Hop!! This way!!! Hurry!!!! Most there!!!!!!!!!! Here we are, at Stump Castle; go in, my dears, thro this knot-hole gate. Now we are safe again — I hope!”

“What was it?” cried Dicky; “another Whizzy Buzz?”

“No, of course not,” said Kizzy, dancing about from rafter to rafter, and filling the old Stump Hall with her laughter. “It ate my Bergamont bed, and chewed Kuldi Ki’s Chickweed crib; no Whizzy Buzz could do that!”

“Mother, what was it?” asked Dick.

“I think,” answered Mrs. Ketura, “it was a Chow!”

“What’s a Chow?”

“Dick,” said Kizzy, “you are an ig-no-ra-cricket-mus! A great Cricket, seven weeks old, and don’t know what a Chow is! I will tell you. A Chow is an animal that chews what it chooses.”

"I think," said Mother Ketura, "this Chow meant no harm to us; it happened to choose our new home to chew; but, for us, it is very unpleasant to be chewed out of bed in the middle of the night by any Chow. However, as we escaped safely, and are already moved into a new home, we may as well —"

"Cheer up!" said Kizzy.

"Cheer up!" said Dick.

"Chee-yup," echoed Baby Ki.

"This," continued the mother, "is the Trim-Tree-Trunk, Stump-Castle, with crack rooms, cosy and comfortable. Here we will abide, and fear no Whizzy Buzz, nor Chewing Chow. Kizzy shall sleep in the Best Back Bark Parlor; Dick — take this Knot Cot, and Kuldi Ki shall lie high and dry, on this Chopped-chip-in-the-dale Couch."

"Mother, may we sing 'Cheer up'?"

"Yes — once."

They did.

CHIRPTEER III

(Tap-ap-ap-ap-ap-ap-ap-ap-ap-ap!)
Tap-tap!
Tap-ap-ap-ap-ap—!!)

“Mother,” cried Kizzy, “who is that rapping?” (Tap-a-tap!)

“Mother,” said Dick, “who is that tapping?” (Tap-a-tap!!)

“Muvver,” echoed Ki, “who’s ’at wapping?” (Tap!)

“Hush! (tap-tap), my children, (tap-a-tap), keep very still; (rap-a-tap-tap), it’s Mr. Flicker (tap-a-tap-a-rap-tap), trying his bill (tip-a-tap-tip-a-tap-a-rap-tap). We’ve made a mistake, and taken his estate; we must make our escape! He lives on an upper floor, but, should he spy us thro our door, instantly, we would be no more!”

“But how,” anxiously asked Kizzy, “shall we escape from this scrape?”

“Hush! (tap-tap), it is not yet morn, (tap); it is hardly dawn. (Tap-tap); if we keep quite still (tap), till he files his bill (tap-tap), he’ll fly away. (Tap.) Then before ’tis day (tap-tap), we must move away!” (Tap!)

“What! again?” whispered Dick.

“No matter,” cried Kizzy, “cheer up! It’s easy to move; all you have to do is to take yourself and your cheer from here, and go anywhere, and when you get there, you are moved — there!”

Said Mother Ketura: —

*“It seems to prove, very easy to move (tap-a-tap)!!
(Tap-a-tap)!”*

*But to you I confide, my dear little daughter —
(tap-a-tap)!”*

*I should prefer to find a more permanent quarter;
Where we may not have three kinds of fright
To turn us out three times in a night!”*

(tap-a-tap — a-tip-a-tap-tap — tap—)

Then Kizzy said, with a smile on her face,
“I’ve heard, dear mother, of a perfect place;
it’s found beneath an old oak book-case.”

“Who told you?”

“Mrs. Kazooma, the ‘summer visitor.’”

“Where is it?”

“She did not tell me that.”

“Where does she live?”

“In a beautiful flat.”

“Mother,” cried Dicky, “old red-top, —
Mr. Flicker, I mean, has gone!”

“Then we’ll consult Mrs. Kazooma without delay, and find a home before it is day; we follow you, Kizzy! Hop ahead, without delay, lead the way.”

CHIRPTER IV

Kizzy danced along ahead; she liked to lead the way, and often she would turn her head, or make a stop to say: “Cheer up! We are 19-49ths of the way already! Hop skip! Skip hop!! Keep it up, true and steady! We are .630 of the way now. High and spry and rather fast, is the pace, this grass to pass.”

“It prickles and tickles; it’s sticky!” cried Dicky.

“Cheer up!” cried Kizzy. “Don’t mind; keep busy. Mother, don’t slip on that chip. Close to me, Dick, beware the Ant Lion’s pit. Wait, mother; I don’t want this briar-rose to scratch Kuldi Ki’s nose! Most there! Here’s a dew on a dewberry; let’s take a sip!”

So chatting merrily, and hopping gaily, Kizzy led the way to the flat of Mrs. K.

“Dear me!” cried Mrs. Ketura, as they

approached; "what a very strange flat! It's an old tin pan, and quite rusty at that!"

Dick, with a stick, began to pound the door.

"Stop, Dicky," cried Kizzy, "it's never polite to bang the door with all your might, and it might cause Mrs. K. to quake with fright. Just give a modest, soft tap-a-tap, and gently wake her from her nap."

"Who is it?" cried a voice inside the flat.

"My dear Mrs. Kazooma," exclaimed Mother Ketura, "so sorry to disturb you — at this very early hour, but we have been whizzed, chewed, and tapped out of three good homes this night; take pity on our plight, and direct us to that permanent book-case place."

"Come in — glad to see you; finish the night with me, and, in the morning, we will see, *what* we will see. How do you like my flat?"

Mother Ketura replied: "It seems spacious and wide, but why do you call it a flat? It might be anything else but that; and it looks like a rusty tin pan, in fact."

"There are four reasons," said Mrs. Kazooma, decidedly, "why I call my home a flat. 1st. You have heard the expression,

‘Flat as a pancake’? This was the pan that baked the cake that was flat.

“2nd. The cook was angry and threw away the pancake, pan and all; the pancake was already flat, and the pan fell flat.

“3rd. I can read music in any key, and I know this must be “A $\flat$ ” (A Flat). Even the key to the door, you can C to B $\flat$ (see to be flat).

“4th. Rusty, or dusty, or musty, if I choose to call my home a flat, no one shall make me call it anything else — that’s flat!”

Mother Ketura smiled. “How long have you lived in this very flat flat?”

“I moved in and began eating the flat pancake, five minutes after this flat pan fell flat. I’ve eaten already 791 lunches, and there are 917 more; join me now in a little repast; your dear wee Chirpers must be hungry!”

“I’m hungry!” said Dick.

“So’m I,” said Ki.

And Kizzy was hungry, but too shy to say much about it. They all had a nibble of the flat pancake, and then Mrs. K. said: “To bed! To bed!”

Soon Kizzy was asleep in the Red Rust Rest Room, and Dicky in the Icy Gust Guest

Room. Mother Ketura and Kuldi Ki slept in the Old Cold Mould Room, while Mrs. Kazooma took the Hard Husk Mat-rust in the tiny Tin Dent Den.

Of course, they sang again, "Cheer up!"

No sooner were they all asleep, than —!

CHIRPTE V

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. K.; "why, what in the world *was* that? A whirlwind, or cyclone, or earthquake, I know not, but something has taken my flat!"

"Oh! cricky!" cried Dicky, "where's my bedroom?"

At this, Kuldi Ki began to cry, "I—I—I—didn't take it!"

"Cheer up!" cried Kizzy; "Mrs. Kazooma, your flat was taken by the junk-man; he thought it was only an old tin pan!"

"I must say," remarked Mrs. K., "it's very provoking to have your home taken from over your head, when you are warm and snug in bed! How could he take it? 'Twas all I had!"

Mother Ketura smiled: "He did not take the cake!" she said.

"I suppose," said Mrs. K., "it's no use crying over spilt milk, or junked flats. I may as well —"

"Cheer up!" cried Kizzy.

"Cheer up!" said Dick.

"Chee-yup," echoed Ki!

"You might," exclaimed Mother Ketura. "move with us to the book-case place, or, if you preferred, board under an old board, or, if you wished to live in high style, you could live in any high s-t-i-l-e; perhaps you would like to visit other congenial Crickets for awhile, or even go back to the city!"

"Say no more," cried Mrs. Kazooma, "I'll grieve no longer; I see now how unprofitable and flat my life was, in that flat. I did nothing but eat and sleep, since they were both so very cheap. I never once have used my 'cheer,' since the day that I came here; but now, I see it's wrong, my dear. I will not board, nor visit; I'll use my voice exquisite, and, singing with my feet, I'll astonish the élite, with my refound feat!"

And then, without waiting for sun or day, or anything else, Mrs. K. began a loud, rollicking, cheerful chirrup, called

"THE CRICKET'S DAWN OF MORN SONG"

"Come!

Cheer up and chirrup!

Wake up, sleepy folks, and get up!

Hop up, and jump up, and cheer up!

Come, dull folks, stir up, and chirrup!

Come, sad folks, cheer up, and chirrup!

The sun's up!

The lark's up!

Come!

*Wink up, and blink up,—shake up and wake
up!*

Girl up, and boy up, cheer up and chirrup!

Come — happily hop up, joyfully jump up!

Come — stir up, and cheer up, and chirrup!"

CHIRPTEK VI

An hour later, the five Crickets entered the open door of the old homestead, skipped across the carpet, and found a very cosy, homelike, crickety place beneath the old book-case.

"You are sure," said Mother Ketura, "that we are welcome?"

Mrs. Kazooma replied: —

*“My dear;
As soon as the people who live here, hear
Our cheerful song of ‘Cheer, good cheer,’
They’ll welcome us well — never you fear!
The children here are fond of books,
And sit around in ingle nooks;
But winter makes their faces white,
Because it gives so little light;
This house has echoes, so I’m told,
And all the rooms are damp and cold;
It’s best that we should take this place
Beneath this heavy oak book-case;
Then, when the rooms are dark or chill,
Or little children sad or ill —
We’ll sing our chirrup with a will,
And cheer them up — yes — that we will!”*

“It’s a beautiful plan for doing good,”
said Mother Ketura, “and, I hope, a permanent home. We’ll sing for them to pay the rent; as each good cheer is worth a cent, if we each pay ten cheers a day, then, altogether, I should say, we’d pay \$15 per month for rent.”

.

The days and weeks and months go by,
and the five little Crickets pay rent regularly,
— that is why, these dull, wintry days,

the children of that house have plenty of good cheer!

One evening, recently, the following conversation was heard:

Mother Ketura. "I'm too busy, Kizzy!"

Kizzy. "But mother — I cannot get to sleep any faster in this hole in the plaster than I did in the castor."

Dick. "I've caught my back in a crack, and every time the floor squeaks, the crack creaks, and my back cricks!"

Kuldi Ki. "I des, tant do to seep, les' I sin' 'Chee-chee-chirrup' once more."

Mother Ketura. "I suppose that is what is what is the matter with all of you. You have already sung it 31 times with Mrs. Kazooma, till her feet are so tired, she has retired, and you have paid the rent three weeks in advance. Now — if I let you sing, twice more, will you go to sleep?"

All. "Yes! yes! yes!"

And they sang: —

*"When nights are long, and days are drear,
Cheer! cheer! chirrup! good cheer!*

*When hearts are sad, or filled with fear —
Cheer! cheer! chirrup! good cheer!*

For everything that's well begun —

Cheer!

For every task that's better done —

Cheer!

For merry play, or happy fun —

Cheer, cheer, cheer!!!

For everything, and every one —

Cheer! cheer! cheer!!!

CHEER!!!!

C!H!E!E!R!!!

C—H—E—E—R!"

!!!!!!!!!!!!



TIL TEE'S TALE

*'Twas on a lonely, sandy shore,
I met a little bird;
He told me all his story,
Here written word for word.*

TIL TEE'S TALE



I

A YEAR ago I was born — where I could hear the sounding sea, and see, surrounding me, the seething sedge at the salt sea's edge.

I was born with a light heart, a strong bill, swift wings, and spry feet.

“Peet-weet! Peet-weet!” I say all day. I am so happy! And all I know is, — one kind of work, and seven kinds of play.

Work is breakfast; some call it “fishing.” When I was two days old and only a tiny fluff of buff down, I began to work.

My mother, Mrs. Sally Forth Sand-piper, showed me how to find wee water-wigglers, and I've provided my own food ever since.

All our race like to work; I never knew a single shirk.

Peet-weet!
No work —
No eat!!!
The law of life —
Short — sweet;
Complete.
Peet-weet!!!

All good Sand-pipers say this over many times a day; especially, the last line, — “Peet-weet!”; work is very easy when your bill is long and strong; tho the day be breezy, I work and sing my song — “Peet-weet.”

But, altho I like work, I like the “Seven Games,” too. The first, — “Bob-bow,” I never had to learn — neither did mother — nor brother Ip — nor brother Kip — nor little sister Wee-Tee.

We all began to play “Bob-bow,” as soon as we could talk, and before we learned to walk. It’s such fun — when rightly done! I’ll tell you how. Just run a dozen steps or two — quickly — stop suddenly — bob your head down — and flirt your tail up; run a few steps more along the shore, and “teeter” again!

A thousand times a day, I do it just that way; I hop along, to gaily sway in play amid the spray, and never stray away.

When we "Bob-bow," my little sister Wee will cry, — "See! oh! see Til Tee tilt — and Ip tip — and Kip flip!" and all the time she's saying it, little Wee Tee will "teeter"!

Our friends, the little waves playing "lap-lap" on the beach, bob to us politely.

A million years ago, and more, they've bobbed upon the shore. If we didn't bow back with all our might, we'd be extremely impolite.

One day, near night, when I was two (days), I heard a frightful "much-a-do," and suddenly, a scary, hairy giant (the kind that roars "bow-wow"), crashed and dashed into sight — crushed the crackling grass, and rushed to left and right!

Alas! I didn't know what had come to pass! I tried to flutter and fly, or utter a cry, but — out of the corner of my eye — saw mother playing "Quick-Sit"; then I saw Ip Quick-Sit, and Kip Quick-Sit, and little Wee Tee Quick-Sit too, and I knew what to do!!

We were safe! The scary, hairy, bow-wow giant couldn't see us, and, with a great commotion, rushed away.

That "Quick-Sit" is a good game! I've played it many times since. It has only one rule, — very easy to remember.

*When danger threatens, make your best Quick-Sit.
The enemy will take you for a stone, or stick.*

It's a very pretty trick — but not the only way to safety; sometimes, it's better to play the game of "Run, Run, Little Feet," or, "Lightly Skim the Wave," or even, "1-2-3—DIVE!"

*When on a seaweed raft I stand,
And drift away from home and land,
It makes me feel so very grand
To know if I should look on high,
And see a danger in the sky, —
I'd only have to tip, and slip
From off the deck my seaweed chip —
And take a steady, long, strong dive;
And after that — come up alive!!!*

Peet! Weet! It's great fun, being a Sand-piper!!!



*When danger threatens, make your best "Quick Sit."
The enemy will take you for a stone, or stick.*

There are two more games. No. 6, "Kick the Sticks"; I've played this many times in the edge of the sedge, with my brothers.

At night, we play "Run, Run, Little Feet," along the beach until we reach the sedge edge; then — I jump quick, and give the stick a kick, and Ip will pick another stick to kick, and Kip will keep his feet a-kicking, against the thicket.

Tick-tick-tick-a-tick, — soon we make the rough way slick, and bring to view, a new, grand, graded avenue for our little sister Wee Tee — like a royal princess — to pass thro. We like to do it for her, and she likes to have us, too.

We play this every night — with all our might — in the dusky light.

*The seventh game is — "Going Lame."
Mother always played this best;
When enemies were near our nest,
She'd flutter feebly, just ahead,
Always keeping out of reach;
A man would think her almost dead,
And chase her way along the beach.*

So go the days — one, work, — and seven
— plays!!!

I am old, quite old now — a year last night. Mother and Ip and Kip and Wee Tee have gone somewhere — I don't know where. Perhaps I shall never see them again, — but I am not lonesome. I have the white sand beach, and the friendly Bob-bowing waves — the smell of the salt sea-breeze; the fishing is good, very good, and — last night — I saw a sight!!!

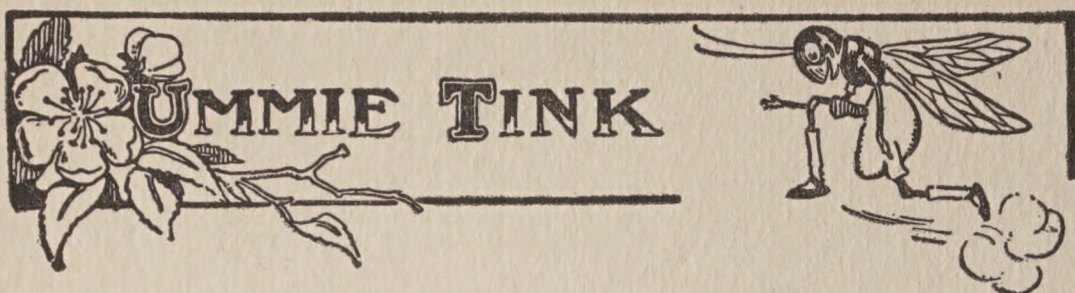
The moon was full — the tide was high; at the water's edge, I did espy — the daintiest little lady — all alone; playing, "Run, Run, Little Feet" — amid the foam. But when I went toward the spot, and tried to say, "So sweet," she shyly flew away! But there — upon the soft, wet sand, — she'd written, with her little feet, in language I could understand, — her name, and her address — complete!!



*Some summer day, not far away, I'll call to see
The dainty little lady bird, with speckles on her
breast;
Then I will say, "I wish you'd play 'The Seven
Games,' with me.
Let's be Mr. and Mrs. Til Tee — and — and —
build a nest!!!"*

UMMIE TINK

*However far afield, my busy thoughts may roam;
I know I never shall forget the Honey of my Home.*



I

'T WAS May! The air was warm and laden with the scent of apple-blossom honey.

Little Ummie Tink was tired of his nest; after such a long, long winter of rest, he longed to leave the mud-mansion home, enjoy the day, stretch his wings, — and — fly away!

But Mother Honora Fedora Zippora said: "No! there are dangers without — you are too young to go out, and I cannot show you the bright, sunny day till I finish my work."

Mother Honora was very busy, for the mansion was cracked, and mud was hard to match. She had to have the best mud of just the right shade, and, as it couldn't be bought, it had to be made.

Mother Fedora was especially busy, for, besides the cell of the ell, and the ell of the cellar, she had to patch-plaster the back attic, and find names for eight new, wee, winkie waspies, and all before night.

Ummie Tink didn't want to be good; he wanted to go out and find apple-blossom honey.

"I know what I'll do!" he cried, "I'll run away!!"

He did.

He went down to the bottom of the house, and crawled thro the front door, in the middle of the floor, and flew straight as an arrow to the nearest apple-tree. Just as he entered a rose-pink petal portal — bump! he went against some one coming out!

*"Buzz! buzz!" cried the Bee,
As cross as could be!
"You've shaken the flower;
Set falling the pollen;
You've wasted my hour —
Your folly's appalling!"*

Little Tink trembled and came near falling.

"I think," cried Tink, — "I hear mother calling."

But strange to say, he'd lost his way; he flew hither and thither till he came to the heather, and there he saw a door invitingly

open. He thought 'twas his home, and to the door he flew, but worse luck, he stuck, and couldn't get through.

"Oh! dear!" he cried, "what shall I do? How could that door shrink? It used to just fit; perhaps I bumped myself bigger when I bumped the Bee; I hear something coming! He's after me!"

"Hum! hum! How do?" cried a voice he knew, and looking round, Tink saw his cousin Hornet — Homer Hummer.

"Hum! hum! How do? What's the matter with you?" and Homer Hummer alighted, and proceeded to polish the top of his head with his left hind foot.

"I can't get in! This door fits so tight! Can you stretch it for me?"

"Hum! No! Doors don't stretch!"

"Oh dear! What shall I do?"

"Hum! hum! I'll push you thro."

"I wish you would!"

"I will."

"Do!"

"Hum!"

Homer Hummer braced with all his feet, and pushed with all his might, and Tink went halfway thro the door, and then — stuck

tight! But Homer Hummer pushed with all his might!

“Stop!” cried Tink, “you’re hurting me!”

Still Homer Hummer pushed with all his might!

Then, suddenly, Tink knew he’d made a mistake — it wasn’t his home at all, he was trying to enter! ’Twas the Hither-Heather Hornet Home!!!

“Stop!” cried Tink; “I’m in the wrong door! I’m in a plight!!”

Yet Homer Hummer pushed with all his might!

Inside the Hornet home, all the Hornets came to look at Tink, but not a single one of them could think what to do to help him thro; and as for backing out again, that he knew he couldn’t do, for, just inside the door, sure that he was right, little Homer Hummer pushed with all his might!

II

Meanwhile, Mother Zippora Honora Fedora was so busy, mud-matching and crack-patching, she never missed Tink.

After the end cell in the cellar of the ell

was finished, she turned her attention to naming her new children.

This was a hard task; Mother Honora wanted to name them all for herself, — but — as there were eight wee, winkie waspies, and she only had three names, when she got thro naming, there were two Fedoras, two Honoras, two Zipporas, — and two left-overs!

Mother Honora was perplext and vext. She said: “I don’t know what to do next! The only way I know to make my names go round among the eight, is to divide Fedora and Honora and Zippora, and give a small-sized piece to each.”

She did. With this result.

1. Nora.
2. Ora.
3. Dora.
4. Pora.
5. Ho-Ho.
6. Fedo.
7. Zippo.
8. Ra! Ra! Ra!

Mother Fedora was very proud of her skill. “They are beautiful names,” she cried, — “and, what is better, — I’ve given a piece of

my name to every one of my new children. Speaking of children — reminds my of my other child. Ummie Tink! Come here! Tink!! Tink!!! I say, Ummie Tink, don't you hear your mother calling? Where can that child be hiding? He's not in a single cell of the ell, or cell of the cellar! Perhaps he fell — thro the front door!!"

Hastily closing Nora's door, and Ora's door, and Dora's door, and Pora's door, and Ho-Ho's door, and Fedo's door, and Zippo's door, and Ra! Ra! Ra!'s door — that they might not get out and crawl about — Mother Fedora, drest in her wispy wasp, wash waist, made haste to find her son.

First, — with rapid wing and steady poise, she stood in the air, and looked here and there, and everywhere. Then, she began to make circles of flight, — larger and larger, until, when she had reached a circle an acre in size, her wings were aching with the exercise.

"I must rest a moment," she said.

With a flop and a drop, she came to a stop, at the rose-pink petal portal of an apple blossom. Bump! She went against something just coming out!

*“Buzz! buzz!” cried the Bee!
“For the life of me, I cannot see
Why everybody bumps in me!
This is my second bump today!
What stupid wasp folks
To get in the way.
Buzz! buzz! I hate jokes!!!”
And he bumbled away.*

Just then, Mother Honora heard a din at the Hither-Heather Hornet Home, and, hurrying thither, she discovered Ummie Tink trying to back out to the door, and Homer Hummer struggling hard to push him in.

“Stop! Homer Hummer!” cried Ummie Tink’s mother.

Homer Hummer stopped.

Tink backed out. “I’ve been crying ‘stop’ for hours,” he cried, — “why didn’t you stop before?”

Homer Hummer rubbed his head with three feet and then smoothed down his yellow jacket. “Hum!” he replied — “because I said I would push you thro; I always do what I say I’ll do, and if you’ll let me still stick to it, perhaps, in time, I’ll push you thro it; I hate to give up when I say I’ll do it!”

III

“Tink,” said his mother, as she manipulated the mud with her mandibles, — “you had a hard time because you ran away from home. If you will help me plaster, I can work faster, and when the end cell of the ell, and the ell cell of the cellar are done, with a light heart you can go and have fun.”

Tink helped. The work was soon finished.

“Now,” said Mother Zippora, — “wear this little package of courage, and you will not fear a cross Bee, or anything else you see; and, that you may always be able to find your way home, I’m going to show you something.”

Mother Fedora took Tink to the tank, — the hidden Home-Honey-Tank. Said she, — “Whoever tastes of the honey of his home, will always come back, tho far he may roam. Taste — Tink — of the tank.” And Tink tasted.

Then Tink left the cellar, and went down to the attic, — fell thro the floor, out of the door — the front door — and flew merrily away to play.

NOTE. — The mud-mansion is built up-

side-down, — making the cellar at the top — the attic at the bottom — and the front door in the middle of the bottom of the outside floor.

He flew straight to the apple tree, and just as he was going in the rose-pink petal portal, he bumped against some one coming out.

*“Buzz! buzz!” said the Bee,
“This makes number three;
Are you a stupid?
Or can’t you see?”*

Tink remembered his courage packet, and it made him brave. Said he: “You needn’t think, Mr. Bee, you own every blossom, in every tree! I didn’t bump into you, you bumped into me! And I have some rights to the honey,” cried he.

The Bee picked up his honey-bag, — “Buzz! buzz!! buzz!!!” Tink heard him say.

Tink took some honey, and then, looking round, he saw Little Tippie Ant, crawling on the ground, and, not being very well acquainted, he said nothing, but politely bowed.

Suddenly he heard, and then he saw, a great commotion near the Hither Heather

Hornet Home, and flying that way, he met Homer Hummer, very much excited.

“What’s the matter?” cried Tink.

Homer was almost wild with rage! “Hum! hum!! A great giant, called A Bad Little Boy, who wears boots, is pulling our home up by the roots, — hum! hum! — get your sting ready!”

“Mother told me,” thought Tink, “not to use my sting without good reason — but this seems to be a just cause!”

Like a dart he flew, and Homer did too. They alighted on The Bad Little Boy, and began their stings to employ; and at the same time, Homer’s father, and mother, and grandfather, and 17 brothers, and 39 sisters came out, and began to sting The Bad Little Boy, and Mother Honora Fedora Zippora came flying with Nora and Ora, and Dora and Pora, and Ho-Ho, and Fedo, and Zippo, and Ra! Ra! Ra! — and they all began to sting!!

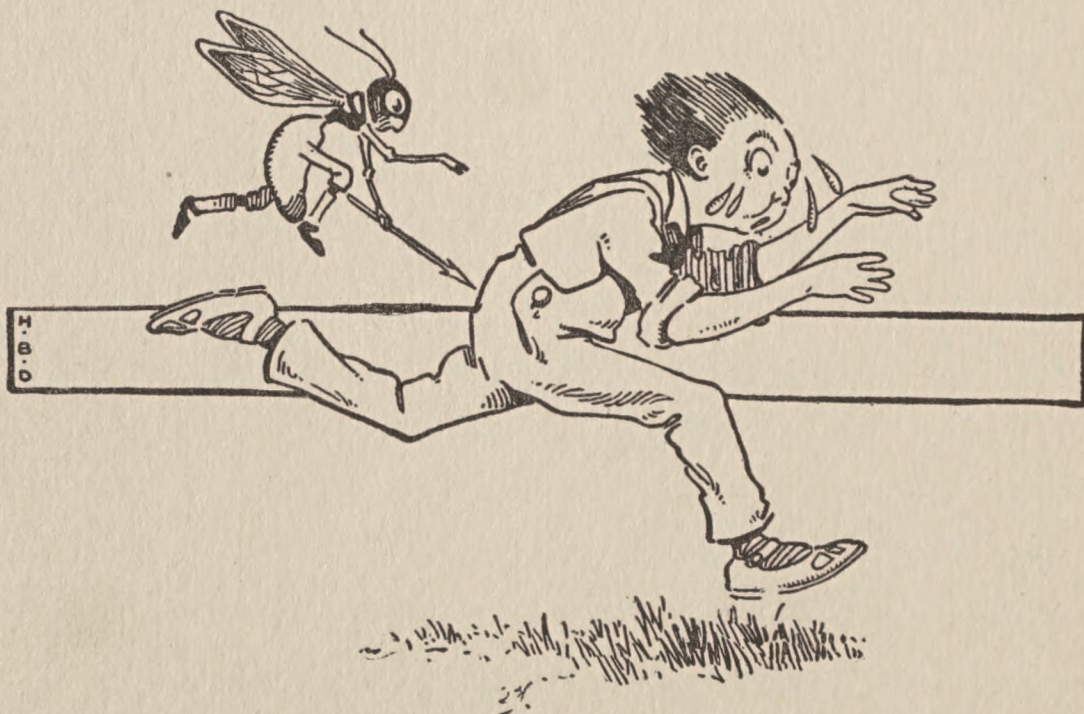
The Little Bad Boy started to run away. “Tink! stop stinging!” cried his mother — and Tink stopped, and Homer Hummer’s family all stopped, and began their home-coming, and humming. “Hum! hum!” cried

Homer Hummer — “I should like to sting all summer!”

But Nora and Ora and Dora and Pora and Ho-Ho and Fedo and Zippo and Ra! Ra! Ra! — wouldn't stop! They'd never been stinging before, and they thought it great fun! Mother Honora Fedora Zippora tried to call them away, but their names were so new, and so far from few, she got all confused, and what did she do but cry: “Stop stinging! Come away! Come Era and Dofa and Roda and Tora and Ha! Ha! and Tidde and Zero and Ra! Ra! Ra!” Ra! Ra! Ra! was such a funny name, she got that just right — and Ra! Ra! Ra! stopped stinging — but then The Bad Little Boy ran away, sadder and wiser, and all the other Wee Winkie Wasps stopped stinging, and, as soon as all were safely home, Mother Fedora stood them all in a row and said: “My dears — you ought to know, your stings should never, never be used — unless by man — you are abused. If people about you are gentle and kind, go in and out and never mind; but — if they try to show their powers — just let them feel these stings of ours. This is the end of the stinging lesson, — but there's yet another to learn.”

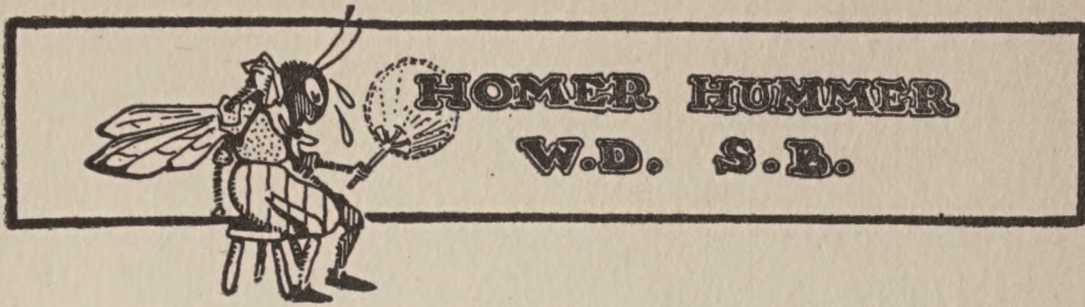
Then she took the eight to the tank — and Tink, too, to the tank to taste. “I think,” said Tink, and he stood on the brink of the tank and tasted, “this is better than any apple-blossom honey in the world. My dear little sisters, let me give you some advice: —

*“Go out into the world — be busy every day —
Dancing in the sunshine — or, playing, hide away;
However far afield your little thoughts may roam —
I hope you never will forget — ‘The Honey of Your
Home!’”*



HOMER HUMMER, W.D., S.B.

*'Tis true, we have to work,
But work's a kind of play,
And play's a kind of work:
If you but think that way.*



I

IT was summer, and Homer Hummer was busy as could be. He was also very buzzy; in fact, fully as buzzy, and much more busy, than his cousin Beezy Buzz, A.B., a Bee.

The latter had been to Honey-Comb College and taken his degree. It was quite unusual for a Bee to be A.B., but Homer was not envious of his cousin's degree, for Homer was a hornet, and knew *he* never could become a Bee, or be A.B.

"I'm a Hummer," said Homer; "a Hummer by name, a Hummer at work, when I make things hum, and a Hummer at the song, which all summer I hum.

Hum! Hum! Hum!
Hum-m-m!!"

Homer was not only a good Hummer, he was also an excellent Homer; by name, by the way he loved his home and stuck to it,

and *in* the way — when he was far from home and it was coming night — Homer became a homer in his flight.

It was a homely life for Homer, and a humdrum life for Hummer, but he was contented and happy until —

One day, as usual, as soon as the rays of the morning sun touched the Hither Heather Hornet House, Homer Hummer's home, he was outside the hole in the cellar floor, which was also the only front door, with black and yellow jacket on, ready for work, he said: —

*“It will be a hot and stifling summer day;
All the signs of Nature point that way;
My little sisters, who work inside, thro all this
torrid heat,
Will suffer much; by the door I'll stand; my filmy
wings I'll beat,
Like frisky fans, to cool and ventilate their close
retreat.”*

Hotter and hotter it grew; Homer only fanned faster. Homer's brothers came out, and flew about, but they wouldn't help Homer; they all said they were afraid it was going to be a hot day; but it wasn't any use to work,

sisters could attend to that — *they* preferred to play.

“I think it a disgrace,” cried Homer; “all the males in this place are lazy, except me; run away and play! You’ll rue it some day!”

Homer kept on fanning until he was nearly exhausted; then his sister Fanny fanned. Homer stopped only long enough to taste a dish of dew; then, straight to the most popular poplar tree he flew, and began his usual day’s work to do.

*He was learning paper-making;
So, a bite of tree-bark taking
In his mouth, back home he flew;
Inside the house, close by the door,
With twenty sisters on the floor,
He sat down, his wood to chew.*

*After chewing, chewing, chewing,
As he saw the others doing,
Chewing faster, faster, faster,
Pretty soon, the piece he chewed,
Changed from toughest, hardest wood
Into softest molding plaster!*

*Then, outside the door he went,
And was instantly intent
In cutting quite a caper;*

*Manipulating feet and head
Till the plaster, as 'twas spread,
Turned to extra fine gray paper.*

“Hum! Hum!” cried Homer Hummer; “I’m an expert paper-maker; when I have helped my chewing sisters put on 350 more layers, our home will be strong and tight enough to stand the roughest weather.”

(Thump, thump! Bang-i-ty bump!!)

It was a distant sound, but it made our Homer jump.

“What is it? The earth quaking, our house-tree shaking, or a foe, a challenge making? Whatever it is, before it harms, I’ll give the alarms: — To arms! To arms!!”

Rushing to the door, crushing thro the floor, inside, he cried, “Where’s Gen. Whizzy, — sick — or busy?”

The Amazon Army were thirty in row, right-winged and left-winged, ready to go, but where the slothful General was, no one seemed to know. Homer hunted the barracks over, and looked under everything; at the very last paper cell, he fell pell-mell over the General, who was sadly sighing, at

the same time trying to get the criss-cross cramps out of his left wing.

“Hurry! General!” cried Homer.

“I can’t hurry,” replied the General; “I’ve tried, but it’s no use; this wing won’t work; I’ve used persuasion and abuse; don’t scold, I’m old, and my ways are slow; if the outside foe is to be stung quick, tell the Amazon Army I’m too sick. You lead in my stead, while I stay in bed, and bathe my head.”

“Hum!” said Homer Hummer; “I go — to conquer the foe — if it takes all summer!”

Out of the door he flew, at the head of his noble band, whose trusty blades were ready to sting at his command, but no sign of foe was there in Hither Heather Land, altho they searched the moor and mere on either hand.

“Hum!” said Gen. Hummer, “I’ve heard of foes that fought and ran away, so they might live to fight another day, but this is the first time I ever knew a foe to take to flight, before they even saw there was to be a fight! The next time a foe comes round, we’ll be on ground; there won’t be any delay, if *I’m* to lead the fray; in battle array, we’ll win the day, for, come what foe, or when it

may, 'twill get no chance to run away, if I'm around!!!

*Attention — company; shoulder — wings!
Shut up — stings; break — ranks!!
Thanks!!!”*

The army went inside to hide, and Homer was about to follow, when a tiny, sweet voice said: “How-do, Homer, don't you know me? I'm your cousin.”

“Not Fedo?” guessed Homer.

“No.”

“I know you now, — Ho-ho?”

“No! No!!!”

“You have grown so since I saw you last, but I think you must be Zippo!”

“No — ha, ha, ha!! I'm Ra Ra Ra!!”

“Why! Ha! ha! ha!! So you are, — Ra Ra Ra! My little wispish cousin grown to be a fine waspish young lady! Would you like to go over the place?”

“Yes — if you will —?”

And Homer did!

Ra Ra Ra had very bright eyes; at everything she saw, they opened with surprise. Homer forgot he'd ever been a plasterer, or served as General; he said: “We'll go —

inside, and I will be your guide. The frantically fanning four, just outside the door, are the ventilating squad; inside, there comes to view, the few who never refuse to chew; they are the paper pulp makers; and near at hand, a noble band, the Amazon Army, night and day, all ready stand; a little while ago, I did myself command, but, since it keeps me by your side, I'd rather be a humble guide!

“We will now go to the attic, which is largest, and has most rooms, and, as we come down, I'll name the number and occupation of the workers on each floor.”

TEN, TALL, TRIED, TRUE, TESTED, TIP-TOP, TINY-TOT TURNERS
 NINE, NEW, NATTY, NIMBLE, NOBLE, NEVER-NODDING, NOTED NURSES
 EIGHT, EVEN-ENTERED, EVER-EAGER, ERNEST, ENERGETIC EARNERS
 SEVEN, SOLEMN, SERIOUS, SANE, STOLID, STUFF-SELECTERS
 SIX, SLIM, SLICK, SIMPLE, STICK-SNIPPERS
 FIVE, FINIKY, FINE, FURNISHING-FINISHERS
 FOUR, FOREMOST, FORM, FOREMEN
 THREE THRIFTY, THRIVERS
 TWO TRUSTEES
 ONE

“One what?” asked Ra Ra Ra politely.

“Hush!” whispered Homer; “We never speak the name aloud; of her, we are most justly proud; our Queen and mother lies imprisoned, all her life in this dark cell, that all

the rest of us may be contented, free, and well, and in our happy home, in peace and plenty dwell. Tread softly, whisper gently, while we pass the Royal Cell."

As they stood at the door, once more, Ra Ra turned her head and said: "It's a beautiful, bountiful, busy, bustling home, but you all have to work all the time; I should think you would get so tired! Don't you ever play?"

"Oh! yes!" said Homer;

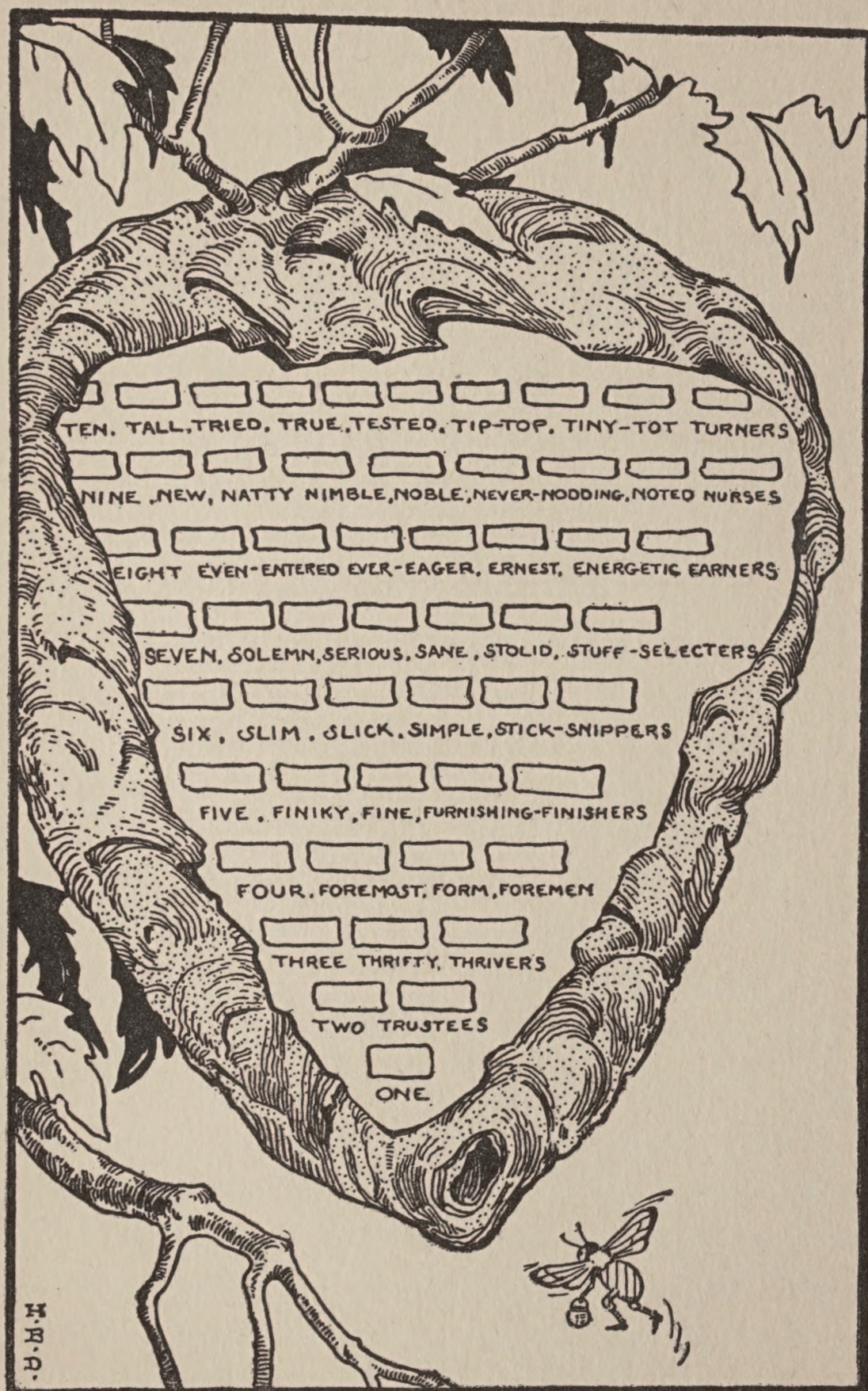
*"'Tis true we have to work, but work's a kind of play;
And play's a kind of work, if you but think that way.
I'd rather play at working than work at shirking,
For shirking work is really harder work than
working;
And playing work is really better play than play!"*

"Let me offer you some light refreshment; will you sip a sup of sweet sap?"

"I'm much obliged to you; I'll only quaff a glass or two of dew."

II

When Homer politely asked to escort his cousin home, she said, "Hum! I should like



The Hither Heather Hornet Home.

to have you come, but another cousin, Mr. Beezy Buzz, A.B., said that possibly he might call for me."

"Hum!" said Homer Hummer, "I think you would do better to trust yourself to me. I know that Beezy has been to college, and acquired honey knowledge, and hive history, and he has solved, I have no doubt, the wax-mixing mystery; also on Antennæ anatomy, he has spent some time; but winging and stinging are more in my line; altho I am a Hornet, I can go a 'bee-line,' and, on your way home, should a foe be lying, put your trust in me for bee-line home-winging, and truly knightly chivalrous stinging."

Cried gentle Ra, — "Coz, say no more; I'll let you take me to my door; if Cousin Buzz had pledged to come, in honor bound, I'd wait; but as he only said he might, — to let you go with me is right, and — it will give me great delight."

*Close side by side, away they flew;
Over the heather and meadow too;
Over beds of rosemary, mallow, and rue;
Over aster and gentian, purple and blue;
And golden-rod glorious, bright and new,
Where the breath of the white everlastings woo;*

*And where the sweet ferns their odors threw,
To lure them from their way; they flew —
Each in a bee-line, straight and true.*

It was the first time Homer had ever escorted a lady home, and it seemed to somehow embarrass *him* some; he couldn't think of a thing to say but "Hum!"

It was the first time Ra Ra Ra had ever been escorted home, and it seemed to somehow embarrass *her* some; she couldn't think of a thing to say — but — "Hum!"

*First one said "Hum," and then the other,
And then they both said "Hum" together!*

They were passing now thro the orchard. "Stop!" cried Ra. "Look there!"

"By the Big Bee Hive, as I'm alive, it's our cousin Buzz, caught in the woof of a web, cornered and covered with the filmy fuzz, and bound about so sound, and wound in so tight, if he struggles with all his might, he can neither budge nor buzz! Dear me suz! He's in about as bad a plight as any Bee ever was!"

"Save him!" cried Ra!

“Hum! I will!” answered Homer. And gallantly, at once, against the web he dashed, and began to kick, and pick, and poke and pull it to pieces; but sly old Zimri Spi, the Spider who planned the web, made it very strong, and it wasn’t long before Homer found he wasn’t untangling the web so much as tangling himself. But Homer was brave, and altho, already, one antenna, three and a half feet, and a portion of his right wing were securely webbed, he wouldn’t give up.

To Beezy Buzz, A.B., said he: “I shall try to get you free, because dear Ra Ra Ra requested me.”

Homer pushed and kicked about till he was halfway in, and Buzz was halfway out.

Said Homer: “Together let’s give a wrench and a pull.” They did.

Beezy was now three quarters free, and Homer three fourths bound. Said Beez: “Please help me once more — Homer!”

Our hero had only one leg free, “But I’ll do what I can with that,” said he!

“I’m free! I’m free!!” cried Buzz, A.B.

All Homer said was: “Oh! dear me! Now I’m bound and you are free!”

Said Buzz to Homer: "You set me free; I'm in honor bound to set you free."

Said Buzz to Ra: "I was on my way to escort you home, but, unfortunately, I stopped to taste a grape, and got into this weary, woeful, wicked, webful scrape!"

Said Ra to Buzz: "Dear me! I'm such a trouble to both of you! One would-be escort gets caught on his way to me, and the other would-be escort gets caught when trying to set the first would-be escort free!"

Said Homer, bravely but faintly: "Cousin Buzz, never mind me; please see first our dear Ra home, then you can, if you care to, go for our Amazon Army to rescue me!"

"Very well," said Buzz; "Sweet coz — I'll see you to your gate."

"I cannot allow you," she cried, "to take your place at my side, until you rescue Homer from his fate."

Said Buzzy: "Excuse me, Cozzy, just let me state, that if I pull the web from him 'twill then envelop me; then he'll have again to rescue me; then I, him; then he, me; then I, him; he — me; I — him; he, me — on — and on — forever, in perpetual monotony!"

"But" — said Ra, "you *must* do something,

or you are not worthy your degree; be a man!"

Proudly then said Beezy Buzz, A.B.: "I cannot be a man, but I can be a Bee — and I *will* be! I stored some knowledge, in Honey College, of present use to me, for I took 'Course B' in Honey Maneuver and in Bee Diplomacy. Come with me, to the apple tree; we'll secure a quantity of the finest honey, and place here and there, upon the web, around the spot where Homer's bound, and then we'll see what will happen!"

They did. And this is what happened.

A big, jolly Lady Bee smelt the fresh honey, and alighted on the web to take a taste; and, thinking it too good to waste, went away to tell about it, and returned with several more Lady Bees. The orchard was full of Lady Bees intent on shopping for bargains in honey, and most of the ladies had spent all their money, so, when they saw a few gather at the web, they said: "We are all as tired and hungry as can be! This is evidently a five-o'clock free honey tea."

By twos and threes, the Lady Bees, the honey teas attend, and as they all sit down to rest, the web begins to bend, and since

they come so thick and fast, the web soon stretches — sags — at last — it breaks, and Homer is made suddenly free, by the five o'clock honey tea coming to an end!

*Each Lady Bee says "Buzz" or "Hum!"
Wasn't it good? Did you get some?"
"No, I didn't, not a bit!"
I just wish I hadn't come!"
But not one knew, nor understood,
They had helped at doing good,
When, after the crush, the crash had come —
Each Lady Bee left straight for home!*

But Homer was free!!

"Rah! Rah! Rah!" cried Ra Ra Ra.

"Buzz! Buzz!!" said Cousin Buzz.

"Hum! Hum!" shouted Homer Hummer.

"Cousin Buzz, in your presence, I feel humble as a humble Bumble Bee; before you tried your stratagem, I was as proud as I could be; I thought I knew it all! But now, I plainly see, that you have knowledge gained in college, and are worthy your degree.

*"I may be thrifty, honest, brave, and true,
And quite as big and strong as you;
And, for the common, daily deeds,
Have wits sufficient for my needs;*

*But — in unusual plights like this,
A well-trained mind is not amiss.
I'll waste no time around here fooling;
I'll go at once and get some schooling."*

So saying, Homer Hummer flew away, and on that very day, registered in Hornet University, and graduated in four weeks with highest honors, as W.D., S.B.,* Summa cum Laude.

THE END

It often happens that a story has to end, leaving many things unsaid. In such cases, we can often imagine what happens after. It's easy to think of Homer Hummer growing to be a great leader in the Hither Heather Land, while those lazy brothers of his, who would not work or study, must suffer the lot of all idle drones, and get stung at last.

Cousin Beezy Buzz, A.B., would probably go on a diplomatic mission to some foreign hive, and it's pleasant to think that the gentle Ra Ra Ra becomes a Queen in her own home.

* NOTE. — Doctor of Winging, Bachelor of Stinging.

*Perhaps you think it's all untrue?
I see them every summer;
Buzzy Beezy Buzz A. B. — Queenly Ra Ra Ra,
And humming Homer Hummer!*



SHUFFLE ON, SHEM!

*“If I start with heart aright,
And keep true on, thro dark or light,
And never turn to left or right,
But dig along with all my might,
Why — everything will come out right.”*

SHUFFLE ON SHEM!



I

LITTLE Shem Snail and his tiny sister, Sadie Snail, in the big weed garden, were resting under the Last Lone Lettuce. They had just finished breakfast, — forty snips apiece, — quite a feast!

Said Shem, — “The sun is hot, but we are not, while safe beneath this lettuce.”

“Let us always stay right here, my dear, where it is so shady,” said Sadie.

Just then, the sun grew hotter, and the Last Lone Lettuce wilted and tilted. Little Sadie Snail, at once, grew very pale, and the tiny store of courage in her heart began to fail.

Sighed Sadie: — “Oh! Shem! Such a shame! At dinner, there’ll be nothing to eat but wilts, — tilted wilts!”

Now, Shem, for himself alone, didn’t mind, but to his little sickly sister Sadie, he wanted to be kind; so he replied: — “I’ll go forth into this weedy world, and see what I can

find. I'm often called 'Slow Coach'; I'm even dubbed 'Slow Poke'; my name is a reproach; my gait is made a joke; but there's something inside my little shell; — a kind of voice that sings, — 'Shuffle on, Shem!' I may have to travel at a very humble pace, and take time to find a proper living place; dear sister, keep your courage up, and don't repine, and, for company, repeat our long ancestral line. I'll find a new, unwilted home, and well-provided table, and I'll be back to you, my dear, as soon as I am able.

*I may have hundreds of miles to go;
I know I'm slow and I've only one toe;
But I shall start with heart aright,
And keep true on, thro dark or light,
And never turn to left or right,
But dig along with all my might,
And everything will come out right."*

It was a very tiresome trip, — a jolting, jouncing, joggling journey. Snail miles are very long miles to Snails, and, even before Shem had shuffled a score, his one little, poor little foot grew sore. Then what? Did he stop? Not to go on any more? Not he!!! No! No!! He softly whispered to himself:

— “Shuffle on, Shem,” and pushed on as bravely as before, but rather slower.

All the long, long day, Shem shuffled on his way, and never stopped to rest or play. At first, the hot sand burnt his foot; Shem couldn't stop for that. When evening brought the dew, it made the pebbles slippery too; Shem wouldn't stop for that. At last, it was night, and Jack Frost came to bite; Shem didn't stop for that. All the day, all the evening, all the night long, his little courage voice inside him sang the song: — “Shuffle on, Shem, shuffle on!”

II

Meanwhile, tiny, timid, lonesome sister Sadie Snail sitting sadly under the Last Lone Tilted and Wilted Lettuce, was repeating to herself her ancestors for company.

“My mother's name was Sarah Snail,

My father's name was Saul;

My mother's mother was Sophia,

My mother's father, Paul.

My other grandpa was Josiah;

He married grandmamma Kesiah.

*Of great-grandparents I had eight;
 Their appellations I will state: —
 Sallie Snail,
 Snyder Snail,
 Slim Snip Snail,
 Snug Slug Snail,
 So-slo Snail,
 More-so Snail,
 No-go Snail —”*

Here Sadie nodded, then folded up her eyes, put up her foot, tent-ed her tentacles, and went to sleep. And while she was sleeping, peacefully sleeping, little Shem was creeping — oh! so slowly creeping — all thro the night!

III

*Tip! tip! tip!! A-tap! tap! tap!!!!
 Tip-p!! tip-p!! tip-p!! A-tap! tap!! tap!!!*

Some one was knocking on Sadie's back, which was also the roof of her house! “Wake up! wake up!!” cried a voice.

Sadie pushed one eye out, and looked about: daylight bright, and Shem back again.

“I've found a new home in a garden,” he cried, — “where everything's green, and

nothing is dried; where the pungent parsley grows; where the crimson radish glows; where the sweetest clover blows; where the lettuce stands in rows; where the softest breeze that blows, fluffs the coolest brook that flows; whoever to that garden goes, makes an end to all his woes!"

"Let us start at once!" said Sadie.

They did.

As they crawled along, Shem sang his courage song, and, — a wonderful thing happened; all the little Snails that felt a need, or lack, as soon as they heard his song, their goods began to pack, and each one starting off, with house upon his back, began to follow closely, in Shem's and Sadie's track.

Before they reached the beautiful garden, little frail-Snail Sadie became very, very tired — but Shem did all he could to assist his sister, and, when at last, they did arrive, — then was little sad, sickly Sadie made a very glad Snail lady.

She was so proud of Shem!

"Oh, Shem!" she said, "we came a thousand Snail miles — I counted them!"

"How did you do it?" said Shem.

“I kept tally with my tentacles! And, Shem, ’tis true — we all have shuffled a



thousand miles, — but *you*, brave brother, — three thousand!!!”

And then the great procession of little Snails formed in a ring.

*“Shem! Shem! Shem!
Shem shall be our king!
He taught us how to shuffle on
And how to make our courage sing;
Shem! Shem! Shem!!
Shem shall be our king!!!”*

This all happened long ago, but all the little Snails I know, altho their gait is very slow, and each one has a single toe, — sing Shem’s song as on they go!

*“If I start with heart aright,
And keep true on, thro dark or light,
And never turn to left or right,
But dig along with all my might,
Why — everything will come out right!!”*

**THE ADVENTURES OF PHILLI
FLIFLIT**

*Flying, flitting, here and there;
Dashing, dallying, in the air;
Creeping, leaping, on the sill;
Whisking, frisking, with a will.*



THE ADVENTURES *of* PHILLI FLIFLIT

CHAPTER I

PHILLI FLIFLIT lived in the Bakery. All his family and friends lived there too. His father and his mother, — his sister and his brother, — his cousin once removed, — and all the friends he loved, — all lived in the Bakery.

It was a nice warm home, and smelt of pies and cakes. Philli thought it was the nicest home in Fly-land. He was so happy every day, he knew not what to do; he would fly most every way, and bizz-buzz as he flew; he often flew a mile or two, just to have a stunt to do.

Philli was a clever fellow; he could do a number of things quite well. He could walk upside-down on the ceiling, without having any dizzy feeling. And he could run on a window-pane, without ever feeling any pain. One day, he found a wheel, and, just to show what he could do, Philli walked thirty times around the tire, without feeling any tire!

Philli was always busy, and almost always, buzzy. He had a great many adventures;

some of them were very funny, and others, somewhat sad. One day, he saw a drop of cream upon the top of a dish, so he sipped a bit, — then bathed in it; there, — in the cream, he stood on his head, and softly to himself, he said:

*“Buzz! I could slide, I could hide, in cream;
 Buzz! buzz!! I could dance, I could prance, in cream;
 I could walk and creep —
 And run and leap — in cream —”*
But

But butter came just then!

You see — the drop of cream heard Philli mutter, and was churned, or frightened into butter!

Philli's head was now well buttered, and it made him cross. He flew 601 zig-zags and cross-tags, and gave his head many wig-wags, but the butter would not leave, so he alighted on a shelf, and tried to groom himself.

With nimble legs, he curried his features, smoothed his eyes, rubbed his nose, twisted his neck, and tipped his head, — but the faster he worked, the stickier and crosser he became.

"I'm not so fond of cream as I was," said Philli; "with a buttered head, I feel so silly!"

Just then, he heard a sound, a peculiar kind of buzzing hum, which sounded like — "Eee — Bum — Bum-m-m-Iii — Nahum — Bum-m-m!!"

A big, fat, blustering fly — who had a greenish cast of eye — and who was not the least bit shy, — alighted on the shelf nearby.

Poor little butter-headed Philli was delighted. This was his cousin once removed, and he was nicknamed Nahum-Bum, because of his peculiar hum.

Said Philli: "Oh! Nahum Bum, — I'm glad you've come!"

Said Nahum: "Hum!"

Then Philli showed his buttered head, and Nahum buzzed and quickly said: "Oh! Come! come — with Nahum — Bum!"

Then Nahum arose and quickly flew, to a loaf of bread, nice, hot, and new, and Philli followed, and stood on his head, which the butter unbuttered, and buttered the bread.

Philli was very happy and grateful; he cried: "Oh! thank you! thank you, Nahum Bum!" but Nahum only answered "Hum!"

The Bakery was a very pleasant home. Philli thought so. It was so hot from the great fire in the oven, and so sweet with the odor of spice cakes, that little Philli went fairly wild with delight. He flew hither and thither, and up and down, and higher and lower, and round and round, in a merry dance.

Presently, he noticed that his father and his mother, his sister and his brother, and all the little flies of every size, were flying in a mad and merry way, and singing songs of "Bizz — buzz — buzz." Some were flying straight, and others going zig-zag. Some were flying curving sweeps, and others, flying sweeping curves.

The whole Bakery was a whirling whirl-i-gig whorl of busy, flying, bizzzy-buzzzy flies.

*Philli was so happy,
He knew not what to do;
His wings went flippy-flappy,
And round and round he flew;
He hummed a little scrappy
Of the only song he knew.*

*Oh! Philli was so happy!
He flew — and flew — and flew!!!*

CHAPTER II

PHILLI was frisking and whisking about the Bakery, when the big, dusty, rusty old clock suddenly and solemnly said: "Purr-r-Dax-lax-nix-nax-rix-lix-rox!"

Philli was surprised and astonished. He alighted on the ceiling, and watched the clock upside-down; then he flew to the shelf and watched the clock rightside-up. Then he alighted on the face of the clock and said: "It strikes me that this is a striking clock; perhaps it has works that have to work; I see that it has hands, so that all hands can see the time; I wish I knew whether the time by this clock was fly-time."

At this moment, 3 and one 5th minutes past eight, Philli fell from the face of the clock, kerslam, upon a jar of jam. The cover of the jar was just a bit ajar. Just then, the Baker-man took and shook the jar of jam, and poor little Philli was jarred into the jar, and jammed into the jam. He began to sink in the sticky sea, and he cried, "Oh! Nahum, — come to me!"

Now Nahum was far from the jamful jar,

cutting a caper on a sticky fly-paper. The cruel paper was covered with gum, which held the leg of Nahum Bum. So, when Philli cried, he couldn't come, but what he said to himself was "Hum!"

*Philli was sinking now, out of sight;
This was, indeed, a terrible plight;
He gave one little, despairing cry, —
"Will no one save this poor little fly?"*

Yes — Miss Acia Galacia came to save Philli, and Nahum, too, and this is how she did it.

Miss Acia Galacia was a very busy, buzzy little Lady Fly, who had been making calls along the walls. She had reached the window-sill, and had never dreamed of any ill, — when, suddenly, she saw, close beside her, that terrible Mrs. Ida Spider.

Said Mrs. Ida: "Come in and make me a call."

Said Miss Acia: "Thank you, not to-day."

Then Mrs. Ida Spider glared at Miss Galacia, and looked as if she wanted to bite, and the poor little Lady Fly hurried off in great affright.

But Mrs. Spider was so cunning and mean

that she laid a piece of web rope right across the path, and poor little Miss Acia Galacia tripped over it and was caught!

Just at that moment, Philli's weak little call was heard, and Mrs. Ida Spider turned her head away for just one instant. Little Miss Acia saw her chance and took it! With a big, big bizz, and a very large buzz, she lifted up her feet, and flew straight to the jar where Philli was jammed, and, as a piece of the web still clung to her foot, she dangled it over the edge of the jar.

Philli was all under but 17,000 eyes and one foot. With his 17,000 eyes, he saw rope, and with his one foot, he clutched it! Then Miss Acia Galacia pulled on the rope, and Philli was saved!!!

As they flew away together, Philli thanked her many times, but suddenly, he stopped and said: "I have a cousin — Nahum Bum, who is in trouble — by his hum. Will you help me save him? Come!"

Miss Acia and Philli soon discovered Nahum Bum, and by tugging, and by pulling, dragged his leg out from the gum.

Nahum was so grateful, he kept on saying: "Hum! oh! hum!!!!"

The three now flew to the window in the sun, to join the merry band of flies, all having fun. Here Philli found his father and his mother, his sister and his brother, and all the other little flies he knew.

*All the long, long, summer day,
Little Philli spent in play; —
Flying, flitting, here and there;
Dashing, dallying in the air;*

*Creeping, leaping on the sill;
Whisking, frisking with a will;
Skipping, darting out of sight,
Gliding, sliding in his flight;*

*Prancing, dancing, skip-a-hopping,
Rushing, brushing, flipping, flopping;
Buzzing gaily all the time,
In a kind of merry rhyme;*

*All the friends of Philli too,
Loudly buzzed and gaily flew.
Miss Galacia bizz-buzzed some,
But Nahum only muttered "Hum!"*

All the day was spent in play. When night came the Bakery grew dark and cool

and quiet, and Philli and his friends were chilly and sleepy too. The ceiling still was warm, so all the little Fliflits fastened their feet to the warmest spots, and went — upside down — to sleep.

But first they softly, very softly, whispered to themselves their “good-night” song:—

“Asus — esus — isus — osus,

Avass — evuss — ivuss — ovuss,

(slower)

Arusss — erusss — irusss — orusss,

(still slower)

Amussss — emussss — imussss — om ———”

All asleep!!!



WEE AND BEE

*This is the story of Wee and Bee,
Who lived in the Land of Abbitibee.*



OCTOBER had come. In the wild wood, all the trees that could, dressed themselves in bright array, and put on every color gay.

The sun went down, the moon came up; the big, round moon of yellow gold, that always comes when nights are cold, peeped thro the trees as if to see the little twin Beavers — Wee and Bee — playing “bounce and pounce,” in greatest glee.

On one side of the bank on which they played, was their summer home in the forest glade, — a little hut of twigs and reeds, exactly suited to their needs.

On the other side was the river, the Swish-wish-wash-a-whirl River, called on the map, “The Abbitibee,” the play-ground home of Wee and Bee.

Weemie pounced Beemie and flounced away; then Beemie trounced Weemie, a little — in play — and they tumbled and

fumbled about, anyway. Their little fur jackets that fitted so tight, were all shimmer and glimmer, in the bright moonlight. They were as happy as happy could be — dear little, queer little Wee and Bee.

Snip! Snap!! Snup!!!

“What’s that?” cried Weemie, stopping her play to listen.

Snip!! Snap!!! Snup!!!! Snip!!!!!!

“Oh! I know!” replied Beemie; “it’s mother biting wood, down the canal; she’s coming — can’t you hear her humming? Now we’ll have to be good.”

Mother Keeva Veeva Brunhilda Eva was an exceedingly talented Beaver, as a mud-lugger and heaver; a twig-twister and weaver; she had much to do, and did it, too. She was a very busy Beaver.

Her engineering skill was great and she had many plans in her mind; but, at present, her chief cares were a mud and wood dam, a mud and stick home, and a mud and twig tunnel. She was teaching Wee and Bee to help o’ nights. When she was away, she let the twins play, but always after tea, the three had lessons, a kind of school, with just one rule,—

“Watch Mother and Do Just What She Does.”

The twins had for their supper, a piece of birch bark apiece, and a nibble of willow.

The first lesson was cutting wood with teeth.

Mother Keeva Veeva could make the chips fly and cause a great tree both broad and high, with banners of leaves brightly spread to the sky, — to creak and crack, and totter — and — fall — ’mid rustling leaves and tusseling twigs, and breaking branches — to fall to the earth, and lie there, and — die!

Wee and Bee each tried a baby tree.

Said Wee! “Oh! see me, Bee, bite this tree!”

Then she would snip — and clip — and chip the trunk, and the little tree would fall kerplunk!

*Bee was longer and stronger than Wee,
But he couldn't do as well as she;
I think that he was a bit of a shirk,
For he was fonder of eating than work;
While Mother and Wee were cutting wood,
He was slyly eating all he could.
But greedy ones must always pay
For what they take in a secret way,*

*And Bee — well, he — had to pay his fee,
For he ate so much he couldn't see;
Got in the way, and was bumped by a tree.
It hurt him so, it made him cry;
“I never more will eat on the sly!”*

The second lesson was a better one; to be in the river was lots more fun.

Wee and Bee could swim races without wetting their faces; they learnt how to shut their noses, ears, and eyes; how to dive, and when to rise.

But their mother called them for the third lesson, — to the dam, and showed them how to place the wood, and weave with twigs until it stood, to make broad bases, firm arches and spans; to put strong braces in their proper places, and carry out her best-laid plans.

For the fourth and last lesson, she taught them the uses of mud, — how to mix and fix faster, — how to mold, and to plaster, and, above all — how to *master* the mud.

While they were busy, as only Beavers know how to be, suddenly, from way up high, out of the clear and starry sky, they heard a loud and shrill-voiced cry, —



But their mother called them for the third lesson,—to the dam, and showed them how to place the wood, and weave with twigs until it stood.

“Honk! Honk!! Honk!!! Honk!!!!”

Then again, a little fainter, and farther away: “H-o-n-k! H-o-n-k!!!”

“What is it?” cried Wee and Bee!

Mother Keeva Veeva Brunhilda Eva was very well-informed — for a Beaver.

*“’Tis the lame, lone goose, flying south,” said she;
Her cry will warn all land and sea;
That winter is near — my Wee and Bee!”*

II

Again ’twas night, now colder bright.

Wee and Bee had finished lessons, one, two, three, and were having a five-minutes recess.

“Let’s play,” said Wee.

“What?” said Bee.

“Swim tag,” cried Wee.

“I’m ‘it,’” cried Bee.

Bee was so fat, he couldn’t catch Wee, and she was bubbling with water and glee, when roar and clash, and pour and crash,—the dam above them, went to smash!

For the bank, they made a dash, and climbed it just in time, for the terrible flood came, the River Swish-wish-wash-a-whirl (or Abbitibee),

was changed in a minute, from a rollicking little stream, to a mad and tempestuous torrent.

All Wee and Bee could see, was a black, muddy seeth of water, full of tossing trunks of toppled trees, making showers of spray, and festoons of foam.

Weemie cuddled close to Beemie. "I hope mother's safe," said she.

"Of course," returned Beemie; "mother is the best swimmer in the world."

Weemie cuddled a little closer. "I wish she would come!"

"I suppose the dam is all destroyed," said Bee.

"I don't care a bit, if mother's safe," said Wee.

After awhile, the water went down a little, but was still so full of broken trees the two little Beavers did not dare venture in to search for their mother.

They saw Keego, the river-fish, and called in unison:

"*HAVE—YOU—SEEN—M-O-T-H-E-R?*"

"No," said the fish, "but if you wish, my fins I'll swish, likewise my tail, and swim and find her — never fail."

“Please do,” cried Bee.

“And thank you, too,” said Wee.

They also politely asked Shuh-Shuh-Gale, the blue Heron, but he stood on one leg, and arched his head, and crossly said, “Quonk! Quonk! go to bed!!”

*They were very sad and Bee began to cry;
“How can I go to bed?” he said,
“Unless my mother pats my head?
I hate the rustling leaves on high,
The pretty moon-tracks in the sky;
I hate the river rushing by.”*

*“Hush!” said Wee; “don’t hate, dear Bee;
When mother comes she must not see
That we were bad as well as sad;
Let’s work, and then she will be glad.”*

They dried their tears and hushed their fears, plunged into the river, much safer now, and went to work to repair the damaged dam. Then Wee made a little song:

*“Work! work! work!
All the night through;
Whether sad or happy,
There is work to do.”*

They could not really sing, or hum, or even mutter, but, inside their little jackets, their little hearts would flutter, and feel the music of the words they could not utter.

Wee was the weaver Beaver; she could fix sticks, and mix mud better than Bee, but he could plaster faster than she. He soon became a master plasterer, but he had one little disaster.

In the Beaver's house, the outside door is in the middle of the floor; you dive — and duck — and chuck! — you're in!!

Now Bee was loaded down with mud, twice what he had lugged before. As he was diving for the door, he thought he felt his load slipping, so, he hugged the mud — he lugged — a good deal more.

Well, he missed the door, and went slam against the dam, gave his head an awful ram, and his foot an extra jam, which made it sore.

Wee was putting mud plaster on a rafter. She saw Bee meet with his disaster, and couldn't help a little laughter!

I'm sorry to state what came after!!!

Bee was so cross (his head black and blue, and a sore toe, too), that he chased his little

sister, intending to cuff her, but he — (and I'm glad of it), he — missed her!

At that moment was heard a swish, and like a dart, came Keego, the fish.

"I've great good news, my dears," said he; "I've found your mother, Wee and Bee!"

III

Mother Keeva Veeva Brunhilda Eva was carried down by the flood, and left in the middle of a jam of logs and sticks. There seemed to be no crack large enough for her to crawl thro, so she went to work to nibble her way out.

After awhile, she found that, work as fast as she could, it would take about a week to chew thro. Then she determined what to do. She took some tiny pieces of birch bark, and made signs on them with her teeth, and, in a tiny crack on the corner of every piece, she put one of her own soft, brown hairs. Then she let the pieces float out between the logs down the river. These were beaver telegrams, and every Beaver who found one, would come to help her out.

When Keego came, she told him all about

it, and he went back for Bee and Wee. But before Keego had time to tell all the story to the twins, there was a sound of — “Quonk! Quonk!” and Shuh-Shuh-Gale, the Heron, had Keego, the fish, in his bill, and had flown to his nest in the top of a tall tree nearby.

“Let me go!” cried Keego. Said Shuh-Shuh-Gale, “Oh! no!!”

Wee was angry as she could be, and so was Bee, to see their friend thus carried away. They swam to the shore, and rushed to the tree, and began to bite, with all their might.

Now, it was Shuh-Shuh’s turn to be troubled. He had a wife and two beautiful long-legged children in the nest; if the tree should break, his wife could fly out, but his beautiful children would fall and die!

“Stop cutting this tree,” from the top, screamed he.

“Oh no! unless you let friend Keego go, we’ll keep right on!” cried Bee and Wee!

Shuh-Shuh-Gale loved his children, so he had to let poor Keego go. Soon in the river, the three were swimming side by side. Said Keego, “How can I ever thank you, Bee and Wee — you did so much in saving me?”

“No thanks required,” said Wee and Bee;

“you helped us first to find our mother, and ‘one good turn deserves another.’”

Before the three had time to swim far, they saw a crowd of Beavers coming up the river. The twins cried together in glee: “It’s mother! She’s free, and she’s bringing all the other Beavers, to have a building bee!”

’Twas so, and all went right to work. There were Chuck Chubby, and Chug, — strong luggers of mud; Big Bistar, and his little sister Wistar; the former, a mud-former and patter; the latter, a twig-twister.

Kinny Keaver, a very old Beaver, and a wonderful weaver; Dut Tutter, a heavy wood-cutter, and Ita Mita, a lighter biter; Pollux and Castor, who could plaster, and many others, all ready to work.

Mother Keeva Veeva Brunhilda Eva had the plan of the dam in her head, and every one worked just as she said, and did their very best indeed, including Bee and Wee, who both were just as happy as little Beavers can be.

*At last the long night’s work is done,
And, at the rising of the sun,
The great dam stretches from shore to shore;
And over it the waters pour;*

*Behind it rises up the dome
Of Wee's and Bee's snug winter home;
And so, when winter comes with snow,
And ice will crack, and cold winds blow,
Well housed and warm will Wee and Bee be
In the midst of the river Abbitibee!*



MISS MERRIE MOTH

Such summer nights!
Such dew delights!

MISS MERRIE MOTH



MISS MERRIE MOTH dressed for dinner, in a dainty gown of rose-pink down, with ornaments of yellow.

As soon as the moisty meadow had lighted its evening lamps, and the Froggies had begun to tune their voices, the Evening Primrose Palace opened its portals, and poured forth the sweetest perfumes into the balmy air.

The golden halls appeared very tempting to Miss Merrie Moth, and the delicious odors reminded her of all that she liked best; so, into a lovely Primrose room she went, and took a plate of honey, and a glass of dew.

But while she was within, a gentle rain began outside to play a game of tit-tat-too. Miss Merrie knew, 'twould never do, to wet her gown of rose-pink down; she did not try to venture forth, but took another plate of honey, and another glass of dew.

It rained so long, the night got tired and went away, and, in its place, came dawn of

day; but all the while, Miss Merrie Moth contentedly was tasting honey — sipping dew!

At early daylight time, she sleepy grew, and, as the rain, when asked to stop, was obstinate, and kept right on, Miss Merrie took a nap.

No sooner had she closed her eyes than sunrise came, and all the golden halls of Primrose Palace shut their doors — because that is the rule.

When Miss Merrie Moth awakened, the earth was bright with noonday light, which hurt her eyes.

(Moths' eyes, you know, are weak in light, but they are very strong at night.)

To the shadiest corner of the Hall she went, and waited for the night, and, as she had not much to do — she took a glass or two of dew — and ate a little honey — too.

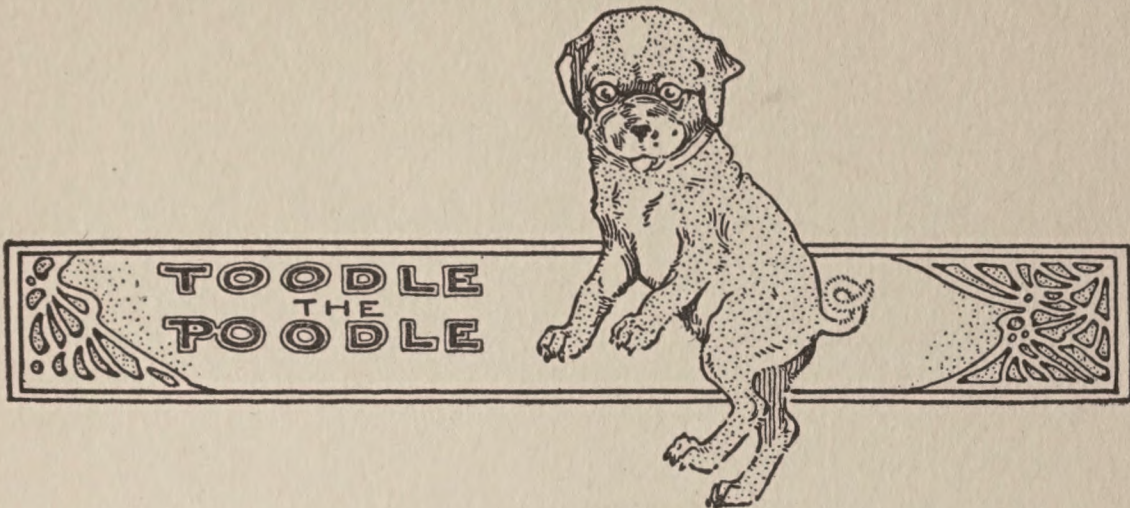
Night came to end that day, as it is always sure to do; but when it came, and the golden doors were opened wide, Miss Merrie went away.

*But as she was already dressed,
And knew she looked her very best,*

*To another Primrose Hall she went,
And every cent she had, — she spent — ? —
For honey —
and —
for — dew!*

TOODLE, THE POODLE

*Every dog must have his day:
Why not make it every day?*



MORNING

IT was summer, and a nice “Dog-day.” Toodle, the poodle, was so happy he rolled and rolled in the dust, and cuddled his paws, and smiled with his nose.

Most of the little happies went to his tail, which thumped and bumped and wiggy-wagged, until it seemed as if it must get loose and go jumping away all alone in its glee.

But it didn’t.

It stuck.

Toodle, the poodle, was so extraordinarily happy because he was going to have — guess what? You can’t! **HIS DAY!!!**

“Every dog has his day,” and this was Toodle’s. He had it, and he knew he had it, but he was so happy he didn’t know what to do with it.

EVENING

Toodle, the poodle, was so sad! His little ears hung limp and forlorn, his little tail lost all its wags, his little feet were so tired! All the sads and sorrowfuls that could get into such a little fellow, were in him.

His day was done; all the little funs and frolics were gone; all the roly tumbles, all



the jolly jumps and rushing runs, were over.

Even his little bark was sore, and would not, could not, bark a bit more.

He didn't want to eat, or think, or sleep. He wanted to be sad, and — and — *bad!*

POOR LITTLE POODLE TOODLE!

*Cheer up, dear little doggie, don't be downcast,
 You shall have another day, when night is past;
 All the same old happies will come up with the sun;
 And your tiny tail will have new wags,
 And all the sads and bads
 Will turn to fun!*

IN AN APPLE

*It's safer far to stick to the core:
Success will come to the slower goer.*



IN the core of an apple, dwelt Cora with her brother and her sister, Willie Worm and Winnie Worm.

Their mamma was a Butterfly lady who had flown away.

It was a fine flavored, juicy house, and the wormkins found it very convenient to eat their home and live in it at the same time.

*If they wished a new room, they could eat a bit more
For breakfast, which would give them the door;
For dinner and supper eat all they could store,
And finish the room from ceiling to floor.
When you eat your own rooms you relish them more.*

Cora stayed in the core, because she knew that was safest, but Willie Worm would nibble all over the house, — I should say, — apple.

Winnie Worm would wander wherever Willie Worm went.

*Willie wouldn't stay in the core,
He tried hard to get "out of door,"
Made rooms and tunnels by the score,
And ate up almost all the floor.*

He made so many back-stairs, and caves, and dark passages, and trap-doors, and cellars, and cubby-holes, and crooks, and corners, that poor little Winnie couldn't help getting lost; and Cora would have to bring her back to the core.

One day, Willie Worm ate right thro the rosy, red skin of his apple home and saw the outside world.

*"Oh! Winnie," he cried,
"I'm going outside!"*

*"Oh! Willie, don't go,
You'll fall, I know!"*

But Willie was wilful. He wanted to go, so he went.

"It's bright out here, on this shining outside world. You ought to come. Just watch me; I feel so frisky. I'll show you what I can do."

Timid little Winnie put her head out of the hole just in time to see Willie fall on the slippery surface, slide, turn swiftly in the air; and — disappear, no one knows where.

Winnie was so frightened, she could hardly crawl back to the core and Cora.

Cora was sorry, and wept — real warm worm tears — such as any worm would; but she said, “It’s safer to stick to the core and I told Willie so. If he had only waited for the thump !

We must !”

They did.

It came !!!

The apple house was now on the ground and Cora and Winnie knew it would do to leave the core and go “out door.”

It seemed very chilly, so they made their winter beds, rolled themselves tight in many blankets, and went to sleep.

They slept all winter and never heard the cold winds blow or felt the snow.

When the spring days came, they opened their beds, and — *flew* out !!!

Such a wonderful sleep it had been.

They were much changed.

Even their names were changed.

They were now the Misses Coraline and
Winsome BUTTERFLY.



CHUFFY'S MISHAP
OR
THE CAUSE OF CAWS



CHUFFY'S MISHAP

OR

THE CAUSE OF CAWS

HIGH up in the air, on the topmost branch of a towering pine, was a rough, scraggy nest,—little Chuffy's home.

His brothers had just found out how to use their wings, and flown away, but Chuffy had somehow pushed a foot thro a crack in the floor, and was caught.

"Paw! Paw!" he cried, but heard no answering "Caw" from his father, for Paw Caw was far away.

Chuffy gave his leg a pull, a twist, a turn, and a jerk; but it would not budge.

"Maw! Maw!" he screamed, but heard no answering "Caw" from his mother, for Maw Caw was far away.

Paw and Maw Caw had a good reason for deserting; they knew that as long as the youngsters were waited upon they would make no effort to leave the nest; and since they were big and strong and fully able to fly, it was time they looked out for themselves, — so Paw and Maw Caw flew away to Cawmore Moor.

It was Chuffy's fault. He should have flopped his wings, before stretching his legs. Then too, if he had not been lazy and waited till the very last one, his brothers might have helped him.

He was stuck, there was no doubt about that!

He couldn't think of anything else to do, so he kept calling "Paw" and "Ma-a-w" until he had uttered 713 "Paws" and 698 "Maws."

At the 1411th, which happened to be a "Paw," he heard an answering "Caw," and saw what he thought was Maw Caw circling toward him.

It proved to be Uncle Croaker, who, being something of a joker, at once began to poke fun.

"Pshaw!" chaffed Uncle Croaker;—

“caught your claw! Pshaw! Pshaw! What are you about? Why don’t you pull it out? You can’t? Pshaw! I don’t wonder! Such a nest! A perfect blunder!! Your Paw and Maw don’t know the simplest tricks in laying sticks. Pshaw! This nest was never bill-built, — it was probably claw-hauled together!!! Pshaw! P-s-h-a-w!!! P-S-H-A-W!!!! Come here, Jack Daw and Chock Daw! Come down here, Joe Chocard! Stop that Cornish Chough! All you fellows — come here — look at this nest! It’s the worst piece of work I ever saw! Pshaw — I could do better with one claw!!”

Uncle Croaker guffawed and pshaw-pshawed, and Chock Daw and Jack Daw and Joe Chocard and the Cornish Chough haw-hawed and caw-cawed.

Poor little Chuffy was quite overlooked.

“Caw,” he said, — “instead of making fun of my nest, you might be getting me out of it!”

“Pshaw!” croaked Uncle Croaker, “that’s easy! We’ll pull you out! Here, fellows, each grab a bunch of his feathers in your bill, and when I count three, pull with a will. Here Jack — Joe — this side; now — ready — one — two — **THREE!!!**”

At the word, they pulled, and immediately the air was filled with feathers, and right after, with caw-caws and haw-haws, and other varieties of crow laughter.

All seemed to be having great fun, except Chuffy. When he saw they were going to try again, he said; "Don't — I beg of you — pull out any more of my feathers; it hurts! If you can't get the whole lump of me out at once, I shall stay here — and save my pieces."

"Pshaw!" said Uncle Croaker, "don't work yourself into a temper. We'll get you out. Chock, what do you advise?"

Chock Daw uttered a "caw," scratched his beak with his claw, puffed his feathers to twice natural size, blinked his eyes, tried to look wise, and said: —

"Caw! — the best plan would be, — to fly twenty miles to the sea, and each get a leech from the beach, to draw out his claw."

"Pshaw!" shouted Uncle C. "That's not what leeches are for!"

"Leeches can draw," persisted Chock Daw.

"But not a claw!"

"LEECHES CAN DRAW!!!"

"BUT NOT A CLAW!!!"

*“Caw, caw!” here cried the Cornish Chough;
“Why do you two get into a stew,
When I know what to do,
Well enough?
With our good stout bills,
And determined wills,
We’ll peck at the stump,
Till we pick it thro,
And this tree falls, thump!
I’m ready — are you?”*
*They all went down at once and worked,
And peeked, and pecked, and picked, and
perked.
They might have succeeded in a week or two,
If they had kept right on as they started to do;
But they didn’t gain much, and this was the
cause; —
After every pick they made a pause,
And uttered a dozen or two of “caws” —
A lot of “haws,” and a score of “pshaws.”*

Meanwhile, Chuffy was getting hungry.
“I wish you would really do something,” he
shouted, “so that I can get out and have
something to eat.”

“Caw!”

“Pshaw!”

“Haw, haw!” suddenly laughed Jack Daw, — “I’ve the best plan yet! Dropping heavy stones from a great height will make holes in the nest, and if a stone happens to make a hole just right, Chuffy himself can do the rest.”

“Naw! Naw!” quickly exclaimed Chuffy; “if any stone from a great height happens to hit me, I’ll be in a plight! If I can’t get out soon, I shall starve to death. Would any one be kind enough to get me some food? Anything would do; I should be very grateful for a nubble of corn.”

Con-sternation among the older birds. Uncle Croaker was the first to regain his composure.

“Chuffy,” he said severely, “let us have no nonsense. While we are doing all in our power to set you free, you must not bother us with any silly requests. — Now, boys, what shall we try next? None of you got an idea? Well — it does not much matter. We’ll all turn to and make a noise; it may not do Chuffy any good, but it will be fun for us.”

Soon Cawdom was filled with a din. There ensued a flittering, fluttering, and flopping of wings, a bawling and squalling, and croaking.



“Chuffy,” he said severely, “let us have no nonsense while we are doing all in our power to set you free.”

Chuffy, excited by the others, added his caws; but that did not help his cause. He was so weak from hunger, his voice was soon gone. The others, having had plenty of corn, could caw on.

THEY DID

At last, Jack Daw, having haw-hawed himself hoarse, stopped to rest on the edge of the nest, and saw that Chuffy was almost too faint to make any complaint. Jack was not as black as he looked; he had a kind of a kind heart, and as he had had all the noise he wanted, he determined to take the little fellow's part.

"Haw, haw!" he laughed kindly, "we will soon have you out of this. All you fellows, stop your noise, and listen to me; I've the very best plan, as you'll soon see, —

To get the little one out, we must make him jump.

To make him jump, we must scare him.

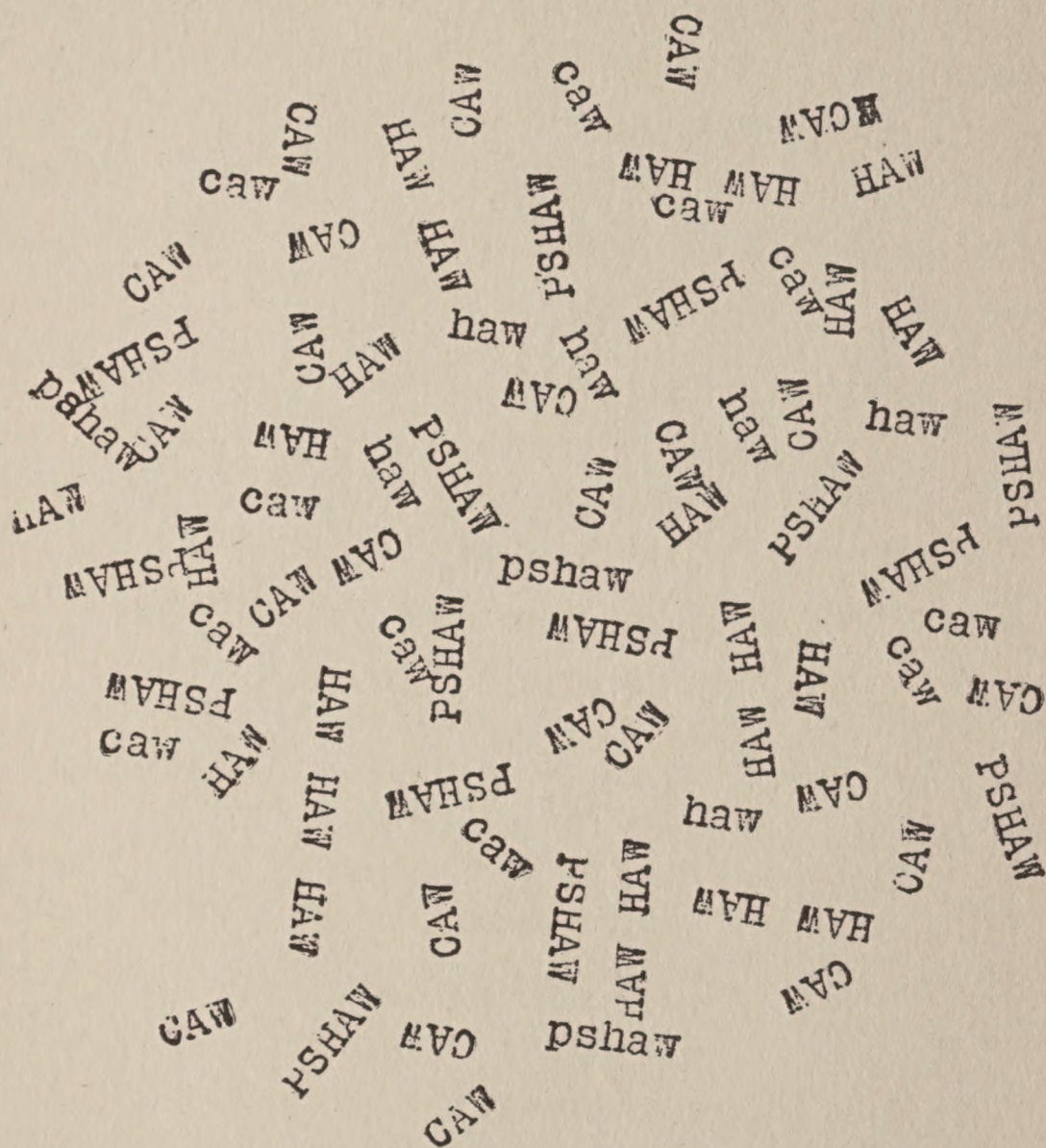
To scare him, we'll tell him a frightful tale.

To tell a frightful tale, we must see a fright.

To see a fright, we have only to go, —

To yonder field; there's a

SCARE-CROW!"



The din should be magnified 600 times

They went, perched on the fence, and made remarks.

“Haw! Haw!!! Any crow would know that was not a man.”

“Pshaw! his face is straw!”

“Caw! Only one leg, and no head! What clothes! His buttons are all gone — ate one myself — thought ’twas a corn.”

“Haw, haw, haw!!! No crow would ever think that stick a gun!”

“Pshaw, — there’s not a bit of scare to that scare-crow, but we must scare Chuffy to make him jump. We’ll deceive him.

*We’ll tell such a tale of a horrible fright,
That poor Chuffy’s hair will soon turn white;
But since he hasn’t any hair on his head,
No doubt his feathers will turn instead.*

*The fear we inspire will make his teeth chatter;
He hasn’t any teeth, but that doesn’t matter;
With alarm and dismay, his soul we’ll fill,
Until in his frenzy, he’ll chatter his bill.*

*It will be such a night-mare-ish, bugaboo tale,
With abject terror, his cheek will pale;
Tho strictly speaking, it cannot be so —
Only flour and chalk can pale a crow.”*

There was a short pause, a couple of caws, then Uncle Croaker continued: —

*“When I have set the youngster free,
How very happy he will be,
And full of gratitude to me;
And I’ll be proud as I can be.*

*Then every time I tell the tale,
I’ll fluff my feathers — flirt my tail;
Till birds I meet on land and shore,
Will sing my praises o’er and o’er.*

*In future ages yet to come,
A billion bills with praise will hum;
And Uncle Croaker be the name
Placed highest in the halls of fame!”*

Uncle Croaker went on and on in his own praise, never noticing that after the first verse, the Cornish Chough got enough, and left in a huff; — that after the ninth, Jack Daw gave a yawn, and flew away to another field of corn; — that at the 23rd, he remained the only bird. He kept right on, at each verse growing more and more absurd, until he reached the 63rd; — then — because he couldn’t think of any more self-praise to

pour out in lays, he made a pause, — and waited for applause.

To his great surprise, his friends were gone, but instead, there sat Chuffy on the scarecrow's head, contentedly nibbling a nubble of corn.



Uncle Croaker was angry. “Why didn’t you wait for me to save you?”

“Be- cause —”, answered Chuffy, — “all your pshaws and caws and haws didn’t help my cause. When I found that all your talk and your noise did not budge me a bit, I grew all at once to a full-fledgeder — from a

chit — braced up, — sharpened up my wit a bit, — picked my own claw free, — stretched my wings, — had a flit, —

AND HERE I SIT!”

All Uncle Croaker said was: —

“P S H A W!!!”

PEEP PEEP

PEEP PEEP



FIRST DAY

I'M in a shell. I don't know how I got in; but I think I shall pick my way out.



SECOND DAY

I'm out. I picked. I don't see how that shell ever held me.



THIRD DAY

I have a mother. She is named hen. I thought at first 'twas feathers, but it turned out to be mother.



FOURTH DAY



This is the greatest day of my life. I found a worm. I found it all by myself. Mother clucked and told me where to look, but I did my own scratching.

FIFTH DAY



It is fine to get up high and see the world. I got on mother's back, and I could see everything. I suppose there are not many chickens as smart as I am.

SIXTH DAY



I wish that giant, called "Little Girl," that brings our meal, could understand our language. She seems to think my name is: — "Chick, Chick!" but mother calls me: — "Cluck!"

SEVENTH DAY

I want to leave mother,
go out into the world, and
be a big rooster. I know
more than she does now,
— that is — in the daytime; but when night
comes and mother calls: “Cluck! Cluck!”
I like better to be under her warm wing.



PEEP ! PEEP !

TIPPIE'S VACATION



I

TIPPIE was planning her vacation. She hadn't much time for that, for the spring-cleaning was on, and there were 953 things to do.

At the 481st, which happened to be a stone chair to air, she had already tugged it thro the hall and pantry, down to the cellar, then thro each of the seventeen rooms in turn, and had just reached the next-to-the-top stair of the tenth flight, when — she fell, and — landed in the cellar.

She wasn't hurt a bit.

"Only," as she said to herself; "it is such a bother to do things over! I must stop thinking vacation till I get my work done."

She tried, but she couldn't.

Every time she reached the next-to-the-top stair of the tenth flight, she would think of the delightful time she was going to have, and — fall to the cellar!

At the fifth fall, she made up her mind.

“Miss Myra,” she called, “please come here! You know I never had a vacation! I intended to wait till house-cleaning was done, but, at the rate I get along, I shall never finish; so, I may as well take it now. It's half-past three. Good-bye!”

She ran nimbly to her room, packed her antennae curler, and was off!

It was a soft, sleepy spring day, and thousands of pussies sunning themselves on the willows; and thousands of bumblebees, droning among the dandelions, kept teasing Tippie to stop.

But Tippie thought it would not do to begin a vacation by stopping, so she hurried on.

On the outskirts of Antic, as she was passing the New Fangled Formicoid Fudge Factory, some one called her name.

It was Miss Myra's Aunt Annie Ant, standing at her door. Behind her, stood the two other Aunt Ants.

"Come in!" said Aunt Annie Ant, kindly.

"Yes! do!" said Aunt Fannie Ant, politely.

"Enter!" said Aunt Hannah Ant, peremptorily.

Tippie entered. She didn't like to refuse Aunt Annie Ant, or displease Aunt Fannie Ant, or oppose Aunt Hannah Ant.

She sat on the cushioned seat in the cosy corner retreat, and comfortably cuddled up her feet.

She thought she could afford to lose a few minutes of her vacation in such a nice place, and chattered about her hopes of reaching the city.

The Aunt Ants gave her a warm welcome, some cold honey, and a few grains of advice.

Said Aunt Annie Ant: — "Don't get into any place, where you can't get out!"

Said Aunt Fanny Ant: — "Don't talk to any one you know nothing about!"

Said Aunt Hannah Ant: — "Don't go on! Go back home! Go to work! Stick it out!"

Tippie said she would try to follow all the advice, except Aunt Hannah's.

Before she left, they showed her about, and Aunt Annie Ant explained the rooms. She said: "We enter first the Ante-room;

the next three are the Aunties' rooms;— this tiny one is called the Anti-room, because it is really not a room, but a shed. These are all the rooms we need for our little household; and all our little house will hold. This tunnel to the door, is our house hole.

“Now you have seen the whole house, the whole household, the house-hole, and all the house holds; do come some day and see the rest!”

Tippie politely said she would if she could.

II

It was late.

Since leaving the Aunt Ants', Tippie had trudged on, only stopping long enough to climb a roadside rose, for a glass of honey-milk, from the Aphis Dairy.

Now night had come, Tippie couldn't tell which way to go, so she spoke to a gentlemanly Cricket, who was blithely singing, in a nearby thicket, and asked the way.

“What way?” said the Cricket.

“Any way; I am not at all particular; but I would like a way.”

“Where do you wish to go?”

"Anywhere; so long as I get — somewhere!"

"Well," said Cricket, "there's any old way; would that do?"

"I think not; I must have come that way."

"Then you'd better try the K. N. W. Y. W. E. G. T. O. N. Express."

"I will," said Tippie.

"I'll show you the station. Follow me!" and Mr. Cricket hurried off at such a pace, that Tippie was certainly black in the face, trying to keep up. This is a fact; tho' all Tippie's race are black in the face, whether they keep the pace, or not.

They came to another thicket, where, at a wicket, stood another Cricket, waiting to take Tippie's ticket.

But Tippie had no ticket! What should she do?

She crossed her antennae and had an idea! "Would you take a Beggar-tick for a ticket?" she asked.

"No — Miss — that wouldn't be a fair fare!"

"Hum!" said Tippie, opening her Shepherd's Purse, "all I have are seeds, heretofore

sufficient for my needs; among my store of a score or more —."

Here the Cricket interrupted her: "How far do you wish to go?"

"As far as I may, for the fare I can pay."

"In that case, as you have only seeds for pay, a caraway will carry you quite a way, today."

Tippie paid her fare, politely thanked the gentlemanly Cricket for his escort, and followed the ticket-taking Cricket thro the wicket, in the thicket, to a massive pile of golden carrots.

"This — Miss," said the official, pointing to the very top of the pile, "is your car."

"It looks," said Tippie, "very much like a carrot!"

"People," replied the Cricket, "insist on adding those last three letters; but this company prefers to forget them, and calls this a car. Whatever you may call it, I assure you, this particular car (or carrot), will go to the city, miles away! So, take your seat in section 3, behind this leaf. Hold on tight at any joggles thro the night; you'll get there all right. Good night!" He was gone and out of sight.

III

Tippie curled her antennae and counted her seeds, expecting to go to sleep; but, peeping beneath her berth, she saw:—

SEVEN SPECKS OF DUST

which she felt it her duty to unearth.

After she had done that, she made a close inspection of every other section, and found:—

NINETY-ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND
SEVENTY-FOUR SPECKS OF DUST!

“No sleep for me,” she mused; “what if I am on a vacation, I don’t want a dusty one! I will have a clean vacation if I have to work the whole time!”

So, she began to peek about, into and under, over and thro, every section; to poke above, across, along, around, among, amidst, against, and after, every seat; to pick behind, before, betwixt, between, below, beyond, beside, and beneath, every bed; and was going to—when there came the sound of a tremendous tramping, and a giant voice roared:—

*“Whoa! Back!!
Stand still!!!”*

A great something snorted, and Tippie's car (or carrot) was hurled thro the air, and landed with several hard thumps, on a wooden something, followed by a great sliding, rolling, and falling of all the other car (rots). The giant voice shouted! — “Geedap!” and — “We have started!!!” exclaimed Tippie excitedly.

“I should say so!” piped a wee, wee voice, close by.

Tippie was surprised to see in the next section, a dainty little Lady Bird, in a fashionable dress of red, with black spots.

“And such a start!” continued the wee lady. “At the first bump, my bag flew open; at the second jump, my key flew out; at the third thump, my wee wad of wing wax went!

*Oh! woeful, weary, teary fate,
With everything in such a state!*

I've lost my key, and when I get home, the door won't open; if the house is on fire, my children will burn!"

"I wouldn't worry," said Tippie; "it's not likely to happen!"

"It might!"

"If your house was on fire, couldn't your children fly out of the window?"

"Why — yes, of course they could! Thank you! Thank you for that consoling thought; it makes me so happy, I must sing: —

*"Oh! happy, glad, ecstatic day;
Amazing, mirthful, merry day —*

Woe's me! I mustn't sing and be glad when I ought to be sad! The key is gone, and I can never get into my home again!"

"Don't worry. Couldn't you fly in thro the window?"

"Why! Yes! Of course I could! Thank you again! You make me so happy, I must sing: —

Oh! gladsome, gleesome, glorious day —

Woe's me, why do I sing when I should weep? How I wish I knew where my wee

wad of wonderful, waterproof wing-wax went!"

Tippie picked up a pretty pink packet. "Is this it?" she asked.

The little Lady Bird bubbled with thanks. The two then sat on the same seat, and became friends; but, as soon as Tippie found out that the dainty little lady had not had her wings waxed for three days, because none of her friends would do it for her, our heroine begged to be allowed to begin.

"I mustn't let you," said Letitia (her first name), "it's hard work to polish, and you are on your vacation!"

But Tippie was firm. "I think it is better to be kind," she said, "than to have 27 vacations."

She went to work wing-waxing, and worked all night.

While Tippie worked, Mrs. Lady Bird talked.

"If we must travel, and our wings are out of trim," she remarked, "or our feet are too slow, we have to take the K. N. W. Y. W. E. G. T. O. N. Express, and the discomforts that go with it; it would be pleasanter if the giant called 'man' would carry each car to the cart,

instead of throwing them; it would suit me better if the cart did not have so many creaks, or the horse so many jogs; but I suppose that neither man, nor horse, nor cart know there are passengers aboard. They regard this train as a load of carrots!

“The ‘Bugville Gazeinit’ advertises this as an express, and painted on the side of the wagon, in very large letters, is the word — EXPRESS — but we travel so un-express-like, I am sure it must be an ‘Accommodation’!

“As for those initials, my opinion is, they stand for —

Know Not Whether You Will Ever Get There Or Not Express!”

IV

“Are we there, Mrs. Lady Bird?”

“Yes, this is the city. But please do not call me Mrs. Bird. Call me Letitia Lydia. My complete name is Letitia Luella Lucretia Lucy Lydia Lady Bird, but, to my friends, I am Letitia Lydia.

“Yes — my friend, the din we are in, proclaims the city; and this noisy chasm be-

tween two towering brick walls, is a street; those awful screechings that you hear, above the general tumult and the roar, are newsboys, trying to split the ears of people, so they will buy papers."

"You've been here before!" interrupted Tippie.

"Oh! my invested interests, yes! I come to the S. A. N. D. Bank, and the N. G. Trust Co. quite often. I've seen all the sights, climbed the highest spires, ridden on ventilators in street cars (the very best place); been to a banquet in a lady's hair; (she did not know I was there; I enjoyed the lights and the odors and went home with my lady and lived in her conservatory three weeks, and paid my board by eating all her enemies, that is — her roses' foes). I've been to the opera in a bouquet, and been thrown at the prima-donna; I have dined at Delmonico's and I was holding on to Wright's coat-tail when he flew up the Hudson, but —

*Beauties and bouquets,
Sixes and sevens;
Beaux and banquets.
Tens and elevens —*

how I do chatter! Here we are, at City Hall! We'll get off here, my dear.

"Take care how you land; hold my third hand; clasp your curler tight; now—alight—to the right."

Unfortunately, Tippie failed to jump just right, and, as she struck, her feet were bent, she rolled into the subway vent, and sank, clear out of sight! But, even as she fell, she heard Letitia sobbing:—

*"Ah! woe is me! Ah! woe! Oh! woe!
Oh! trickling tears forever flow,
My dearest friend down, down, doth go!"*

Tippie was not hurt a bit; her left antenna was awry, and lopping over her eye; and her tongue was dry; she had bumped her thigh, and was bruised all over, well-nigh; but she had never learnt in her life to cry; nothing could ever induce her to try; so, she hopped right up, all gay and spry, not knowing where she was hurt, nor why; and began at once, her curler to ply.

She found herself on the top of a swiftly-moving car, that soon brought her out of the subway, into the street again.

She was just about to enjoy the sights, when she noticed that the top of the car was covered with dust, cinders, and soot.

Said she to herself: — "This will be a delightful place for my vacation when it is cleaned; it looks like a pretty big job for one,

"But I am sure it's no use to shirk this kind of work;

A vacation that leaves work undone, cannot be any fun."

She scraped the dust into rolls, and pushed it over the side; she dragged the cinders about till they began to slide; she made that sooty roof, a fit place for a ride.

She had just finished, when the car stopped, and the conductor climbed up on the rear rail to adjust the trolley rope.

He saw what Tippie had done and smiled.

There were nine sluggards on the rear platform.

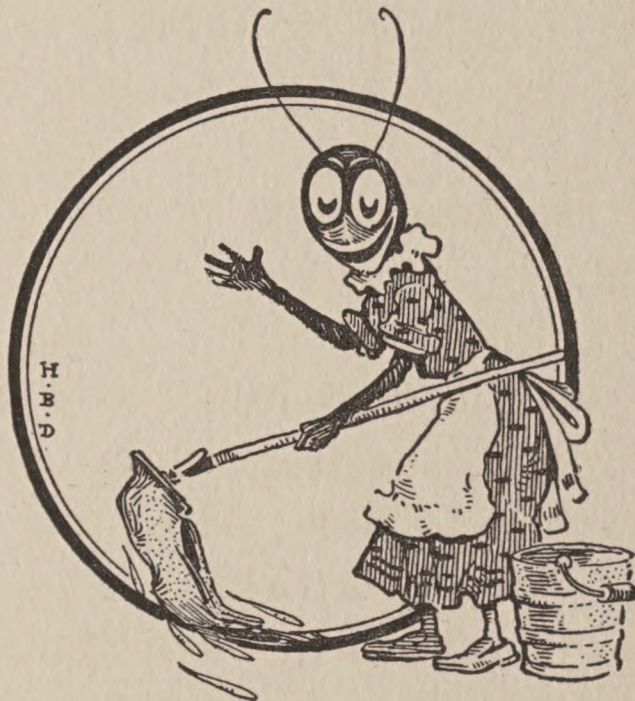
The conductor whispered to each of them: — "Go to the ant, thou Sluggard!" was what he said.

And each of the nine sluggards climbed up and saw what Tippie had done.

And Tippie was happy.

What if she had had no vacation? She had taught nine Sluggards a beautiful lesson.

No wonder she was happy!



As she looked out upon the landscape, she saw among the roadside roses, her own home, and Miss Myra, standing at the door.

The car started, but Tippie jumped, and landed in her own — little — ant attic.

“Welcome home!” said Miss Myra.
“What have you seen?”

“Dirt!”

“What! on your vacation?”

“I haven’t had any vacation; I haven’t had time; I’ve had a good time, tho, and I’ve found out two things; — one is, that cleaning is my *vocation*; — the other is, — if I must have a vacation, I shall take it at home, and —
MY VOCATION SHALL BE MY VACATION!!!”

THE SEA CIRCUS—A PUNNY STORY

*Below the swirl of the sea-green sea,
Are tales to tell, and tails to see.*



THE SEA CIRCUS A PUNNY STORY

PUNNY — the little Sea-Urchin — was sound asleep when the old chug-chug boat went along. It left such a wake, it kept him awake.

Punny was cross, for his spines were all criss-cross, and he had been jolted across the creek. He heard the old boat creak on her way down the creek to the sea — then he remembered the circus!

Cried he: "I cannot see the sea where it's going to be, and I have never seen the scene where it's going to be (Oh! dear! I mean — 'be'!) — but I can smell it calling me, so I will start now."

Punny, having made up his mind, never waited to wash his face, or comb his spines, but, taking' his sand-dollar, began the long journey to the sea-green, sea-salt sea.

The dollar, being alive, was lively, and in twelve minutes, Punny had lost it thirty

times, and was beginning to lose his courage too, when he suddenly found a sea-purse! After that, he kept his dollar and his courage too, and made better time toward the sea-green sea; yet — before he had gone far, he met a YET!

Said Punny: “Well met — Yet! Isn’t the water refreshingly wet? But where are you going, in such a pet?”

Then the Yet began to fret: “I had the bad luck to get in a well-set net.”

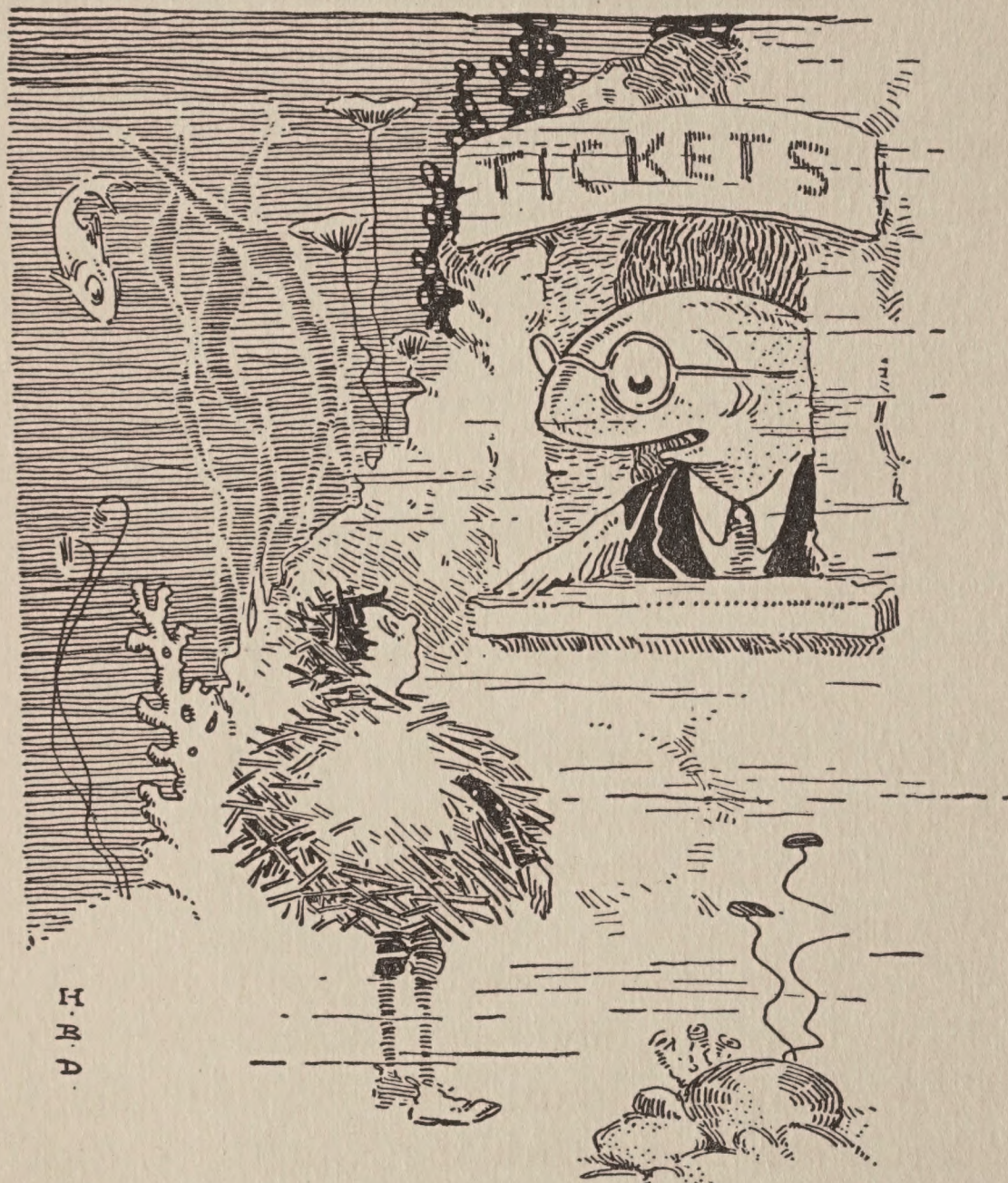
Said Punny: “That’s funny! But don’t give yourself up to vain regret! Forget the net! If you hadn’t got out, you’d be there yet — Yet!”

Punny was going to say more, but, at that moment, he ran into the Menhaden.

“I beg your pardon,” in politest Urchin fashion.

“No harm done,” was the gruff answer. “Have you seen my Ale-wife and Darter? We went to the circus, and were just going home, when I lost them both in the crowd and foam.”

“I will go with you!” cried Punny, “and help you hunt for them!” Then, as he spined along as rapidly as he could to keep up with



H. B. A.

The Sea Circus

the Menhaden — “What ails your wife?” he said politely.

The Menhaden flipped a fin, and let his tail trail: “Nothing ever ails an Ale-wife; words do not always mean as they sound; for instance — I have a *sound* inside me; I can hear a sound outside me; an open bay is called a Sound; and — all this is sound sense. I see my Ale-wife and Darter now — much obliged to you for your company — good-bye.”

In a fin-flip, he was gone.

Now Punny could see the sea-green sea, and taste the salt, and he knew the circus was near at hand. Yes! There it was! The ten tents; the ten tan tents, all of light brown sea-weed; and above, floating white, the banners and streamers of foam.

Now, he could hear the band playing on the grand sand band stand; and now he could almost hear the wild animals’ roar outpour; and now — he was at the state gate.

“How much is a ticket?” he asked at the wicket.

“Fifty cents,” cried the Shark.

“Here’s a sand-dollar” — Punny was going

to say, but he only said "Here's —" for he found he had lost his sea-purse and sand-dollar — and immediately, his courage was gone too.

An old Sea-Seer standing by, cried out: "Catch the little Urchin's courage, and give it back to him!"

A murmur arose from the crowd which was so big and loud, Punny's courage didn't dare to run away, but went back to him, to stick on him and stay.

Now, Punny had his courage, to be sure, but, as he had no dollar, how was he going to get into the circus? Earn his fifty cents, to be sure!

"I suppose," said an old finny and skinny Skate near by, "you're willing to get fifty cents, one by one?"

"Oh! yes!" said Punny, "any way will do."

"Well — then —", said the skinny and finny Skate — "go first to the cool pool and back." Punny went as told, and found the cool pool very cold.

"Now," said the Skate, "go to Rockweed Avenue for No. 2." And Punny went.

“Now, for No. 3, find the Algae Tree.”

Punny went as soon as sent, and he was soon so very intent on going and coming, he grew content, and lost the count of the single sent.

At last, the Skate said: “Your task is done; this is the last and fiftieth one — and have you had lots of fun?”

“But give me my money,” cried Punny!

“I promised no money,” answered the skinny and finny one.

“Indeed, you were to give me fifty cents!”

“And you had them! I sent you to the cool pool, and that was one s-ent, for you were the *one sent*; then, when you went to Rockweed Avenue, you were s-ent No. 2; and so on.”

“Oh! dear!” cried Punny; “it’s a mistake! You sent me S sents, and I meant “C” cents!!”

“Perhaps,” said the old Skate, “if the ticket taker will not take the fifty S sents you were sent; he will take instead, this little bottle of essence. Go to the wicket, and, if he assents, quickly make your ascent to the two kinds of peak (peek) seat.”

Punny found himself in a short space of time in the two kinds of peek — peak seat.

This was the best seat in the whole circus; it was on the topmost peak of the center pole of the biggest tent, and, through a little rent in the tent, you could peek! That's why it was the "Two-kinds-of-p-k Seat!!!

*Punny saw it all;
The Sea-adder was there —
Also, the Sea-bear;
With one eye, he saw the Sea-ape
Make good his escape —
From the Sea-lion —
While he kept his other eye on
The Sea-hog
See-saw
On a log!*

The Sea-circus band was on hand, and consisted of Flute-mouth, Pipe-fish, Drum-fish, and Fiddler Crab.

They played a tune entitled: —

*My finny flies over the ocean,
My finny flies over the sea.*

Then began the grand race between the Scallop, the Cuttlefish, Sea-horse, and—criss-cross Crab.

*Scallop could only wallop;
The Cuttle-fish — scuttle;
The Sea-horse could leap —
But — the criss-cross Crab could only — creep.*

The Crab won the race! For the others all had to turn round at the end, before going back — and that took time; but the Crab didn't know which end of him was front — so — he never stopped to turn round, and — won the race!!

Then the band played the Wet Octet, and the Eel did a reel.

Then came the great final feature of the performance. No feet were used in this great feature, by any creature!

The Quahog rode the trained Tautog, and jumped a log without a jog; while all the audience stood agog.

And then — when the mighty Quahog took the dainty Oyster, and ahigh did hoist her, all eyes grew moister — and more agog!

All this time, the Clam was playing the

clown. He was a great sham, pretending to drown!

THE CIRCUS WAS OVER!

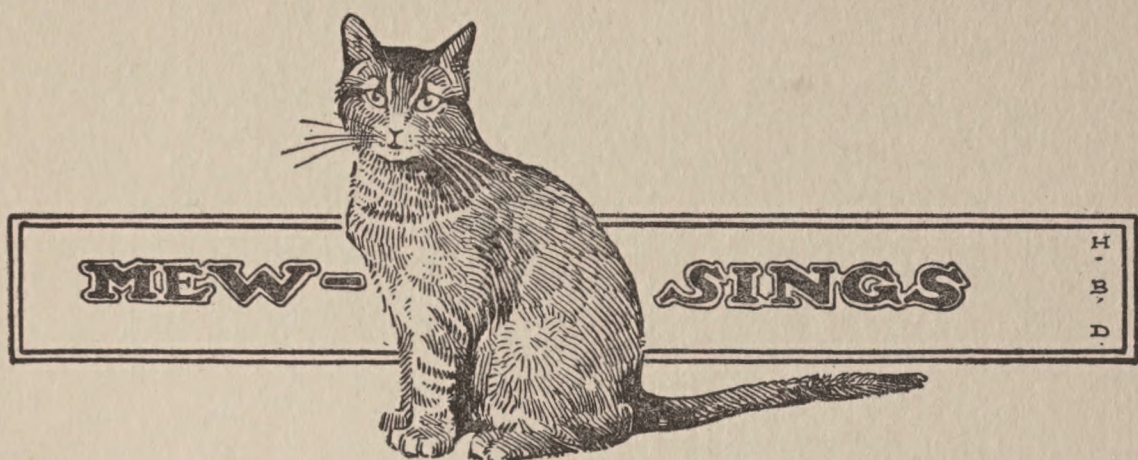
Punny, the little Sea Urchin, went home, and stood all night long on his head — in the middle of his little white, soft, sand bed.

PUNNY WAS FUNNY!

MEW-SINGS BY JOPPY

A bit of a skit, — by a wit of a kit.

*To you, who love a pussy-cat,
A-cosying by the fire;
I hope the purpose of this chat
Is tuned to your desire.*



BY JOPPY ¹

I HAVE so many tales to tell, I don't know how to begin; I may as well take my pen in paw, and scratch down the one tale I know best, — the tale of my tail.

I know I shall mix in a lot of kitten-chatter, perhaps, some catnip cheer; a clause on claws; one on paws; but — pause — let them appear.

My tail — you know — is the end of me. I think, if I am to tell *my* tale, I'd better begin at *my* beginning.

*My birth-place was a mow.
My mother was a "meow."*

(Before I opened my eyes, I thought it was fur, but, it turned out to be mother, and I didn't have to look further.)

(See note at end)

*My mother's breast was soft and warm —
A velvet — cuddley place;
She often clasped me to her heart,
And kindly washed my face.
So now, I do unto my own,
In Cattendom, you see
We cat-enate the golden rule, —
I do what's done to me.
I wonder if my kitkins like
To have me tongue their fur.
I used to wish my ma would stop,
Yet, still, I kept my purr.
(My temper, too.)*

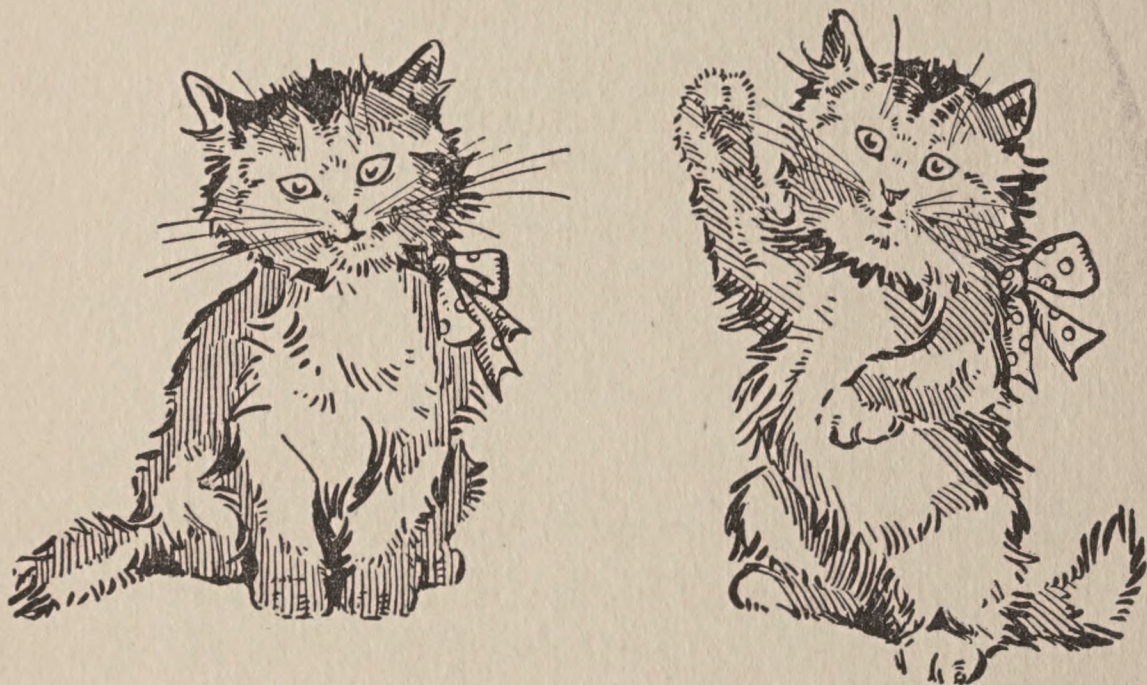
At a very early age, I discovered my tail, and I have enjoyed chasing it ever since. I thought then, and I still think, there never was a more delightful plaything. I do so pity all children, because they have no tails. To roll in the hay, toss and tumble in a merry scramble to catch your elusive tip — what could be more fun!

*Oh! those mow days!
They were the hay-days of youth!*

Of course, if you have one, you must take care of it. Some children have wondered

why I wear my end in an upright manner, like a proudly carried banner?

In the first place, if I let it drag along behind, and didn't have it on my mind, it would get soiled or catch burrs. (Every kit knows



how it is; I only infer that a burr in fur, generally goes in further.)

In the second place, in going thro doors that sometimes shut with a bang, sad things have happened — to other cats — never to me; for I always wear my end in an upright manner, like a proudly-carried banner.

I am old now — twelve — I think! I feel that I am getting old because I don't care to

climb roofs as I did; but, if I can't play as I once did, I never tire of sitting by the fire, and dreaming — with one eye open — of my young mow and meow-days.

*My wee ones, playing at my feet,
Remind me of the day,
When, in my kittenhood's young dream,
I frolicked in the hay;
Of how I chased my mother's tail,
With sister and with brother;
How fer-vently her fur we sought,
And tumbled o'er each other.*

Mother mewed many things to us, among them, our family history. I am descended from a long line of ancestors, called the fe-line. Among the Romans, I find my Cat-a-line. One of my forefathers was a Kilkenny Cat; one went into London Town on the shoulder of Dick Whittington; my most distinguished ancestor was the Black Cat worshiped by the Egyptians; and the greatest of all went into the Ark with Noah!

All this, and much more, mother mewed us, but, it never made us proud — not even a whisker to curl. We would sit before her and

blink. She couldn't tell, and no one has ever been able to tell what we did think.

*While I was still so very young
My eyes were full of blinks,
I chose my life-long policy,
And I became a Sphinx.
For all the ages' sages
Have tied their brains in kinks,
In vain, to solve the riddle,
Of a little kit-cat's thinks!*

But I must not muse too much, or I shall fail to amuse. If I listen longer to my muse, you will have to listen longer to my mews.

And the games! Before my mew came, while my voice was only a weak little, meek little squeak, — with Sister Floppy, I learnt Hay-spy, — Hay-hide-and-seek, and Tail-tag. This is how we played Hay-spy.

*I would close one eye, and squeak: "One! Two!"
And pretend I couldn't see the view.
Flop would scramble away, across the hay,
And burrow a place in which to stay;
When she squeaked "Ready!" I'd open my eye,
And over the straw, I'd simply fly!
I'd poke the sweet grass, and toss it about,
Till Flop would squirm but she wouldn't come out.*

*Then I'd stretch my neck and look all around
And pretend that nowhere could she be found;
Tho all the time, wiggle-waggle close by,
The tiny tip of her tail I could spy!
I'd make believe she was not on the mow,
And give a long and lonesome "Yo-w!"
Then you should have seen her body wiggle,
And all the hay round, begin to jiggle!
Out she would bounce and homeward fly,
And I to catch her, hard would try.*

Sometimes she won; sometimes — I.

One day, in the midst of a happy play, a little boy came and took me away. Without waiting for me to good-bye my mother, or to pat-paw my brother, he took me by the neck, and carried me to a house. Had I known then what I know now, — about claws — I would have scratched that boy! In the Kitten-catechism, it says, — "Do not use claws without cause." I did have cause.

As the boy took me away, I cried as loud as I could: — "Meouthier! Mewther!"

But I suppose mother could not stop a boy.

As soon as I was put on the floor of the house, I played Puss-in-the-Corner.

I tried every corner in that house till I got the darkest one. I was so frightened, I

trembled, and my fur stuck out all over me, and would not tongue down.

A lady came and said, "Pussy! Pussy! come Pussy!" I told her as plain as I could, that I didn't want to come to her; I wanted to go my "mow-home," and "meomother," but she would not take me.

She put butter on my toes, and by the time I had washed that off, I felt more at home. I have lived with these people ever since, and, altho they have their faults, such as making me wait for my dinner until after they have theirs, and talking to me when I want to sleep, I have had a pleasant home.

At odd times, often at eventime, I sit by the fire and wonder about many things.

When I see how stiff my human friends are, I am glad I am a cat — and bend easily. When I see how they have to wear the cast-off clothes of goats and lambs, I am glad I can always be well-dressed in my own hair. No one need give this cat -a comb, as long as she has a tongue.

On the whole, I am very well pleased with my home; my master and mistress are the most — (The Private Secretary has taken the liberty here, to omit the encomi ums,

Queen Joppy has showered upon her slaves.
 Note that she calls us her master and mistress!
 She may not know it, but we are her slaves!
 J. F. C.)

This house is well planned to amuse any cat; there are so many places to pry into and crawl under; such dark closets; such pokey cellar stairs; turny and twisty and out-of-the-way nooks — like unexplored nightmares.

But — altho I have all these things; altho I am allowed to sharpen my claws on any rug, and to list to the music that I love; I sometimes dream of a cat paradise; a land full of cream and mice, where cat-o'-nine tails wave on every side, and horrid dogs can not abide.

*Here I would state
 How much I hate
 The very name of DOG!
 I would erase
 The canine race
 From every cat-alogue!*

A cat paradise with a dog in it — would be
 PUR-gatory!

Oh! — would this were a dogless world!

If some one would only make this world more cat-full; a place where a cat may sit on a wall, and caterwaul the whole category of cat calls, without having to stand a whole cataract of catapults; a land where everything comes up to the scratch, and no one ever says "S C A T!!!!"

Dear me! how mewsy I am! I could unwind many a yarn (!!!) and spin the stories of cellar and barn, till my tell-tale tail would falter and fail, and my nine lives merge into the one that goes away with the setting sun; but — should I further dream, you would demur; it's time you heard my ending purr.

*Dear people all, if you love a cat,
And pre-fer her fur laid smooth and flat —
And smooth as silk;*

Kindness and milk

Will help her to purr—and not to spat!

*To Purr is the purport of my life. I purr,
Not to fill my purse; but in the*

Pursuit

Of happiness.

*Life — to be perfect, should be
A perpetual purr of content.*

*Come, — gather round me, — restless world —
And learn from my content;*

*Take note — the cunning of my tail —
How comfortably 'tis bent.*

*And while I sit upon the rug,
And gaze into the fire;
Tell me if my love of home,
Is tuned to your desire.*

*Home can mean so many things;
It sometimes is a flat;
It often is a sunless one —
And can be worse than that;
But home is where the kettle sings,
Or children play about;
And when I choose to grace a hearth —
That makes a home — no doubt!*

NOTE. — Joppy was the name of a very real, and a very delightful little cat. I knew her well, having for eleven years lived with her, serving as her chef, head-gardener, court musician, general admirer, and private secretary.

In each capacity, I could relate anecdotes. I could tell how she ran the whole house; took the warmest nooks for her own; demanded the finest melons and cucumbers from the garden; and insisted on sitting upon the piano while it was being played.

She had a peculiar fondness for Mozart, to whose music she would listen for hours.

If the weary performer stopped, she would jump down upon the keys, and tap them a few times, insisting upon an encore.

When, of a winter evening, no music seemed to be forthcoming from the music-room, would sound a stirring call, not unmusical in effect, as impatient Joppy strode up and down the keys, trying to make the harmonies her soul demanded. Needless to say, the court musician generally took the hint.

As her life-long friend and admirer, I could dwell at length upon her remarkable beauty, her almost human intelligence, and her gentle disposition.

That she behaved well in church, where she followed us, was in keeping with her character; as was also her posing among the Easter lilies, with a reverent up-look.

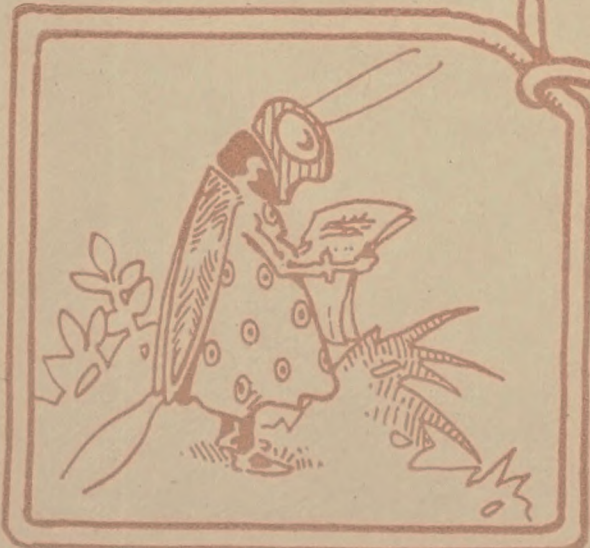
That she could frolic in the snow, and rush out suddenly from dark corners as a surprise, but showed other phases.

As her private secretary, I have tried to express her views. To translate the actions of her life, was not difficult, but the same cannot be said of her remarks, for — altho

she talked to me by the hour, and told me freely, all her thoughts: I know what I have written is only a sorry attempt; for — who, among humans, is able to interpret perfectly — the MEW Language?



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